

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD,"
&c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IX. MOVING ON.

UNCONSCIOUS of the inquietude of her brother and of her son, happy in a reunion which she had never ventured to hope for, still sufficiently weakened by her illness to be preserved from any mental investigation of "how things had come about," acquiescent and tranquil, Mrs. Carruthers was rapidly getting well. The indelible alteration which her beauty had sustained—for it was beauty still—the beauty of a decade later than when George had seen his mother through the ball-room window at Poynings—had touched her morally as well as physically; and a great calm had come upon her with the silver streaks in her rich dark hair, and the fading of the colour in her cheek.

The relation between George's mother and her husband had undergone an entire change. Mr. Carruthers had been excessively alarmed when he first realised the nature of his wife's illness. He had never come in contact with anything of the kind, and novelty of any description had a tendency to alarm and disconcert Mr. Carruthers of Poynings. But he was not in the least likely to leave any manifest duty undone, and he had devoted himself, with all the intelligence he possessed (which was not much), and all the heart (which was a great deal more than he, or anybody else, suspected), to the care, attention, and "humouring" which the patient required. From the first, Mrs. Carruthers had been able to recognise this without trying to account for it, and she unconsciously adopted the best possible method of dealing with a disposition like that of her husband. She evinced the most absolute dependence on him, an almost fretful eagerness for his presence, an entire forgetfulness of the former supposed immutable law which had decreed that the convenience and the pleasure of Mr. Carruthers of Poynings were to take precedence, as a matter of course, of all other sublunary things. Indeed, it was merely in a technical sense that, as regarded the little world of Poynings, these had been considered sublunary. Its population concerned themselves infinitely less with the "principalities and powers" than with the accuracy of the

temperature of Mr. Carruthers's shaving-water, and the punctuality with which Mr. Carruthers's breakfast, lunch, and dinner were served. It had never occurred to his loving and dutiful wife that any alteration in this principle of life at Poynings could possibly be effected, and thus the more superficial faults of the character of a genuinely worthy man had been strengthened by the irresponsibility of his position until they bade fair to overpower its genuine worth. But all this has changed now, changed in a fashion against which there was no appeal. Mr. Carruthers was no longer the first. His hours, his habits, his occupations, had to give way to the exigencies of a misfortune which struck him on the most sensitive point, and which invested him with a responsibility not to be trifled with or shared. It was characteristic of him that he became excessively proud of his care of his wife. The pomposity and importance with which he had been wont to "transact his public business" was now transferred to his superintendence of his patient; and the surveillance and fussiness which had made life rather a burdensome possession to the household and retainers of Poynings impressed themselves upon the physicians and attendants promoted to the honour of serving Mrs. Carruthers. As they were, in the nature of things, only temporary inflictions, and were, besides, accompanied by remarkably liberal remuneration, the sufferers supported them uncomplainingly.

It was also characteristic of Mr. Carruthers that, having made up his mind to receive George Dallas well, he had received him very well, and speedily became convinced that the young man's reformation was genuine, and would be lasting. Also, he had not the least suspicion how largely he was influenced in this direction by Mark Felton's estimate of the young man—an estimate not due to ignorance either, for George had hidden nothing in his past career from his uncle, except his acquaintance with Clare Carruthers, and the strange coincidence which connected him with the mysterious murder of the 17th of April. Mr. Carruthers, like all men who are both weak and obstinate, was largely influenced by the opinions of others, provided they were not forced upon him or too plainly suggested to him, but that he was currently supposed to partake or even to originate them. He had not said much to his wife about her son; he had not referred to the past at all.

It was in his honourable, if narrow, nature to tell her frankly that he had recognised his error, that he knew now that all his generosity, all the other gifts he had given her, had not availed, and could not have availed, while George's society had been denied; but the consignee was, "Mrs. Carruthers must not be agitated," and the great rule of Mr. Carruthers's life at present was, that the consignee was not to be violated. Hence, nothing had been said upon the subject, and after the subsidence of her first agitation, Mrs. Carruthers had appeared to take George's presence very quietly, as she took all other things.

The alteration which had taken place in his wife had tended to allay that unacknowledged ill which had troubled Mr. Carruthers' peace, and exacerbated his temper. The old feeling of jealousy died completely out. The pale, delicate, fragile woman, whose mind held by the past now with so very faint a grasp, whose peaceful thoughts were of the present, whose quiet hopes were of the future, had nothing in common with the beautiful young girl whom another than he had wooed and won. As she was now, as alone she wished to be, he was first and chief in her life, and there was not a little exaction or temporary fretfulness, a single little symptom of illness and dependence, which had not in it infinitely more reassuring evidence for Mr. Carruthers than all the observance of his wishes, and submission to his domestic laws, which had formerly made it plainer to Mr. Carruthers of Poynings that his wife feared than that she loved him.

And, if it be accounted strange and bordering on the ludicrous that, at Mr. Carruthers's respectable age, he should still have been subject to the feelings tauntingly mentioned as the "vagaries" of love, it must be remembered that George's mother was the only woman he had ever cared for, and that he had only of late achieved the loftier ideals of love. It was of recent date that he learned to hold his wife more dear and precious than Mr. Carruthers of Poynings.

He was not in the least jealous of George. He liked him. He was clever, Mr. Carruthers knew; and he rather disapproved of clever people in the abstract. He had heard, and had no reason to doubt—certainly none afforded by his step-son's previous career—that literary people were a bad lot. He supposed, innocent Mr. Carruthers, that, to be literary, people must be clever. The inference was indisputable. But George did not bore him with his cleverness. He never talked about *The Piccadilly* or *The Mercury*, reserving his confidences on these points for his mother and his uncle. The family party paired off a good deal. Mr. Carruthers and his wife, Mark Felton and his nephew. And then Mr. Carruthers had an opportunity of becoming convinced that the doubts he had allowed to trouble him had all been groundless, and to learn by experience that, happy in her son's society, truly grateful to him for the kindness with which he watched George, she was happier still in his company.

To a person of quicker perception than Mr. Carruthers, the fact that the invalid never spoke of her faithful old servant would have had much significance. It would have implied that she had more entirely lost her memory than other features and circumstances of her condition indicated, or that she had regained sufficient mental firmness and self-control to avoid anything leading directly or indirectly to the origin and source of a state of mental weakness of which she was distressingly conscious. But Mr. Carruthers lacked quickness and experience, and he did not notice this. He had pondered, in his stately way, over Dr. Merle's words, and he had become convinced that he must have been right. There had been a "shock." But of what nature? How, when, had it occurred? Clearly, these questions could not now, probably could not ever be, referred to Mrs. Carruthers. Who could tell him? Clare? Had anything occurred while he had been absent during the days immediately preceding his wife's illness? He set himself now, seriously, to the task of recalling the circumstances of his return.

He had been met by Clare, who told him Mrs. Carruthers was not quite well. He had gone with her to his wife's room. She was lying in her bed. He remembered that she looked pale and ill. She was in her dressing-gown, but otherwise dressed. Then, she had not been so ill that morning as to have been unable to leave her bed. If anything had occurred, it must have taken place after she had risen as usual. Besides, she had not been seriously ill until a day or two later—stay, until how many days? It was on the morning after Mr. Dalrymple's visit that he had been summoned to his wife's room; he and Clare were at breakfast together. Yes, to be sure, he remembered it all distinctly. Was the "shock" to be referred to that morning, then? Had it only come in aid of previously threatening indisposition? These points Mr. Carruthers could not solve. He would question Clare on his return, and find out what she knew, or if she knew anything. In the mean time, he would not mention the matter at all, not even to his wife's brother or her son. Mr. Carruthers of Poynings had the "defects of his qualities," and the qualities of his defects, so that his pride, leading to arrogance in one direction, involved much delicacy in another, and this sorrow, this fear, this source of his wife's suffering, whatever it might be, was a sacred thing for him, so far as its concealment from all hitherto unacquainted with it was concerned. Clare might help him to find it out, and then, if the evil was one within his power to remedy, it should be remedied; but, in the mean time, it should not be made the subject of discussion or speculation. Her brother could not possibly throw any light on the cause of his wife's trouble; he was on the other side of the Atlantic when the blow, let it have come from whatever unknown quarter, had struck her. Her son! Where had he been? And asking himself this question, Mr. Carruthers began to feel rather uncomfortably hot about the ears, and

went creaking up the stairs to his wife's sitting-room, in order to divert his thoughts as soon as possible. He saw things by a clearer light now, and the recollection of his former conduct to George troubled him.

He found his step-son and Mark Felton in Mrs. Carruthers's room. The day was chilly and gloomy, and eminently suggestive of the advantages possessed by an English country mansion over the most commodious and expensive of foreign lodging-houses. George had just placed a shawl round his mother's shoulders, and was improving the fastenings of the windows, which were in their normal condition in foreign parts.

"Mark has been talking about Poynings," said Mrs. Carruthers, turning to her husband with a smile, "and says he never saw a place he admired more, though he had only a passing glimpse of it."

Mr. Carruthers was pleased, though of course it was only natural that Mr. Felton should never have seen any place more to be admired by persons of well-regulated taste than Poynings.

"Of course," he said, with modest admission, "if you come to talk about the Dukeries, and that kind of thing, there's nothing to be said for Poynings. But *it is* a nice place, and I am very fond of it, and so is Laura."

He was rather alarmed, when he had said this, to observe his wife's eyes full of tears. Tears indicated recollection, and of a painful kind, he thought, being but little acquainted with the intricate symptoms of feminine human nature, which recollection must be avoided, or turned aside, in a pleasurable direction.

Now George's cleverness was a direction of the required kind, and Mr. Carruthers proceeded to remark that George must make drawings for his mother of all the favourite points of view at Poynings.

"There's the terrace, George," he said, "and the 'Tangle,' where your mother loves to spend the summer afternoons, and there's the beech-wood, from the hill behind the garden, and the long avenue. There are several spots you will like, George, and—and," said Mr. Carruthers, magnanimously, and blushing all over his not much withered face, like a woman, "I'm only sorry you are to make acquaintance with them so late in the day."

He put out his hand, with true British awkwardness, as he spoke, and the young man took it respectfully, and with an atoning pang of shame and self-reproach. But for his mother's presence, and the imperative necessity of self-restraint imposed by the consideration of her health and the danger of agitation to her, George would have inevitably have told his step-father the truth. He felt all the accumulated meanness of an implied falsehood most deeply and bitterly, and might have been capable of forgetting even his mother, but for a timely warning conveyed to him by the compressed lips and frowning brows of his uncle. As for his mother, neither he nor Mr. Felton could

judge of the effect produced upon her by the words of her husband. She had turned away her head as he began to speak.

"I was just going to tell Laura what I thought of doing, if you and she approve," Mr. Felton hastened to say. "You see, I am getting more and more anxious about Arthur, and I don't think he will turn up here. I thought if George and I were to go on to Paris and make some inquiries there—I know pretty well where he went to there, and what he did. We need not make more than a few days' delay, and then go on to London, and join you and Laura there. What do you say?"

"I think it would do nicely," said Mr. Carruthers. "You and George would hardly like our rate of travelling under any circumstances." It would have afforded any individual endowed with good humour and a sense of the ludicrous great amusement to observe the pleasure and importance with which Mr. Carruthers implied the seriousness of his charge, and the immense signification of a journey undertaken by Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings. "We shall stay some time in town," he continued, "for additional medical advice; and then, I hope, we shall all go down to Poynings together."

"I have secured rooms for George and myself in Piccadilly," said Mark Felton, in a skilfully off-hand manner. "It would never do for two jolly young bachelors like him and me to invade Sir Thomas Boldero's house. Even"—and here Mr. Felton's countenance clouded over, and he continued, absently—"even if Arthur did not join us; but I hope he will—I hope he will."

Mr. Carruthers was singularly unfortunate in any attempt to combine politeness with insincerity. He had a distinct conviction that his wife's nephew was a "good-for-nothing," of a different and more despicable order of good-for-nothingness to that which he had imputed to his step-son in his worst days; and though he would have been unfeignedly pleased had Mr. Felton's inquietude been set at rest by the receipt of a letter from his son, he was candidly of opinion that the longer that young gentleman abstained from joining the family party, the more peaceful and happy that family party would continue to be.

However, he endeavoured to rise to the occasion, and said he hoped "Mr. Arthur" would accompany his father to Poynings, with not so very bad a grace considering.

The diversion had enabled George to recover himself, and he now drew a chair over beside his mother's, and began to discuss the times and distances of their respective journeys, and other cognate topics of conversation. Mr. Carruthers liked everything in the planning and settling line, and it was quite a spectacle to behold him over the incomprehensible pages of Bradshaw, emphasising his helplessness with his gold spectacles.

"I suppose ten days will see us all in London," he said to Mr. Felton, "if you leave this with George to-morrow, and we leave on Monday."

I have written to my niece. Sir Thomas and Lady Boldero never come to town at this season, so I have asked Clare to come up and see that the house is all comfortable for Laura. Clare can stay at her cousin's till we arrive."

"Her cousin's?" asked Mark Felton; and George blessed him for the question, for he did not know who was meant, and had never yet brought himself to make an inquiry in which Clare Carruthers was concerned, even by implication.

"Mrs. Stanhope, Sir Thomas's daughter," said Mr. Carruthers; "she was married just after we left Poynings."

"The young lady of whom Captain Marsh made such appropriate mention," thought George.

"I have no town-house," continued Mr. Carruthers, with more of the old pompous manner than Mr. Felton had yet remarked in him. "Laura prefers Poynings, so do I; and as my niece came down only this spring, and has been detained in the country by several causes, we have not thought it necessary to have one."

"I should think you would find a town-house a decided nuisance," said Mr. Felton, frankly; "and if Miss Carruthers has Sir Thomas Boldero's and Mrs. Stanhope's to go to, I don't see that she wants anything more."

"You forget," said Mr. Carruthers, in a quiet tone, which, nevertheless, conveyed to Mr. Felton's quick apprehension that he had made a grave mistake, and implied to perfection the loftiness of rebuke—"you forget that Miss Carruthers is the heiress of Poynings!"

"Ah, to be sure, so I do," said Mark Felton, heartily, "and I beg her pardon and yours; but at least I shall never forget that she is the most charming girl I ever saw in my life." And then, as if a secret inspiration led him to put the question which George longed to hear and dared not ask, he said:

"When is Miss Carruthers to arrive in London?"

"Only three or four days before we shall get there, I fancy. My love," turning abruptly to Mrs. Carruthers, as a happy idea struck him, by which her additional comfort might be secured, "what would you think of my desiring Clare to bring Brookes up with her? Should you like to have her with you when you are in town?"

Mrs. Carruthers turned a face full of distress upon her husband in reply to his kind question. It was deeply flushed for a moment, then it grew deadly pale; her eyes rolled towards George with an expression of doubt, of searching, of misty anguish, which filled him with alarm, and she put out her hands with a gesture of avoidance.

"Oh no, no," she said, "I cannot see her yet—I am not able—I don't know—there's something, there's something."

It might have struck Mr. Carruthers and Mark Felton too, had they not been too much alarmed to think of anything but Mrs. Carru-

thers's emotion, that when they both approached her eagerly, George did not attempt to do so. He rose, indeed, but it was to push back his chair and get out of their way. Mr. Carruthers asked her tenderly what was the matter, but she replied only by laying her head upon his breast in a passion of tears.

In the evening, when Dr. Merle had seen Mrs. Carruthers, had said a great deal about absolute quiet, but had not interdicted the purposed return to England, when it had been decided that there was to be no leave-taking between her and her brother and son, who were to commence their journey on the morrow, Mr. Carruthers, sitting by his wife's bed, where she then lay quietly asleep, arrived at the conclusion that the old nurse was connected with the "shock." The idea gave him acute pain. It must have been, then, something which had some reference to his wife's past life, something in which he and the present had no share. Very old, and worn, and troubled Mr. Carruthers looked as the darkness came on and filled the room, and once more the night wind arose, and whistled and shrieked over Taunus. He began to wish ardently, earnestly, to get home. It was very strange to look at his wife, always before his eyes, and know she had a terrible secret grief, which had thus powerfully affected her, and not to dare to question her about it. This fresh confirmation of the fact, this new manifestation of her sufferings, after so peaceful an interval, had in it something awful to the mind of Mr. Carruthers.

The brother and the son, in their different ways, were equally disturbed by the occurrence—Mark Felton in his ignorance and conjecture, George in the painful fulness of his knowledge and his self-reproach.

And as Mark Felton's look had alone arrested George's impulsive desire to reveal his knowledge of Poynings to Mr. Carruthers, so the remembrance of all Routh and Harriet had said to him of the difficulty, the embarrassment, the probable danger of an acknowledgment, alone arrested his desire to inform his uncle of the dreadful error which had caused his mother's illness.

Mark Felton and George Dallas left Homberg for Paris on the following day. They had separated for the night earlier than usual, and George had employed himself for some hours in writing a long and confidential letter to his friend Cunningham. It was addressed to that gentleman at The Mercury office, and it contained full details of every particular which he had been able to learn connected with his missing cousin. The purpose of the letter was an urgent request that Cunningham would at once communicate with the police on this matter, and it concluded with these words:

"I cannot conquer my apprehensions, and I will not yet communicate them to my uncle. But, mark this, I am convinced we shall learn nothing good at Paris; and we have done very wrong in not putting the police to work long ago. Don't laugh at me, and call me a novelist

in action. I never felt so sure of anything I had not seen as I am of Arthur Felton's having come to serious grief."

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE O. P. RIOTS.

THEATRICAL riots have not been unfrequent in English theatres.

There was a great riot at the Portugal-street Theatre in 1721, in Rich's time, when Quin and his brother-actors flashed out their swords and drove out the wild young rakes who had threatened to pink the manager. There was a great scuffle before this at the same house when, wishing to insult the brazen Duchess of Portsmouth, some tipsy gentlemen drew their blades in the pit, and flung blazing flambeaux among the actors on the stage.

There was the Footman's Riot in 1737, and the prodigious mutiny, too, in Garrick's Drury Lane, in 1754, about those foreign dancers. The pit thrashed the boxes, jumped on the harpsichord, broke up benches, slashed the scenery, and pelted poor Davy's windows in Southamp-ton-street. And that terrible evening, also, at the Haymarket, when thousands of enraged tailors threatened to surge into the theatre to prevent old Downton playing "The Tailors, or a Tragedy for Warm Weather." One of them was actually bold enough, without even the help of his eight partners, to fling a pair of heavy shears at the great comedian. But as the minnow is to the whale, so were all these popular effervescences compared with those tremendous yet ludicrous disturbances in 1809, which, for no less than sixty-one nights, under the name of the O. P. Riots, agitated London, divided society, and convulsed Covent Garden.

The old Covent Garden Theatre had been burnt down September 20, 1808, it was supposed by the wadding of the musket of one of the Spanish soldiers in Pizarro. Twenty persons perished in trying to save the building. Handel's organ, the wines of the Beef-Steak Club, Munden's wardrobe, and Miss Bolton's jewels, were all consumed. The new building cost fifty thousand pounds, besides the forty-four thousand five hundred pounds insurance. The Duke of Northumberland generously lent Kemble ten thousand pounds, and sent him the receipt to burn on the day the first stone was laid by the Prince of Wales and the Freemasons, of whom the "ne'er-do-weel" was grand master. Mr. Robert Smirke, jun., built the new theatre to resemble the great Doric temple of Minerva on the Acropolis. The roof was one hundred feet long and one hundred and thirty feet wide. The pit had its old twenty benches. The chief obnoxious novelty was that the third tier of boxes, letting for twelve thousand pounds a year, had small ante-rooms opening into a saloon reserved at three hundred pounds a year each for annual renters only. This especially exasperated the democratic town. A person seated in the back row

of the two-shilling gallery was eighty-six feet from the stage door; in the upper gallery the spectator was one hundred and four feet distant. The house was lit by glass chandeliers in front of each circle, two hundred and seventy wax-candles a night being consumed, while the stage and scenery had their three hundred patent lamps. The prevailing colour of the house was white; the ornaments gold on a light pink ground. So far so good, but no further.

The season of 1808 had been a specially interesting one. Miss Pope, "the chambermaid" par excellence for fifty years, had retired. In the same month, Madame Stora, the unapproachable buffa of English opera and musical farce, had also taken her leave; and soon after, Mrs. Mattocks, for nearly sixty years the gayest of stage widows, and the most inimitable of M'Tabs, had made her final curtsy. In the mean time, the management had not been idle. They had got Liston, that fine *farceur*, as a comic dancer, and Young for nervous tragedy; Incedon for noble sea songs; Munden for extravagant drollery; and Fawcett for harsh comic force. The other house, burnt down in 1808, had no one but Mrs. Jordan on whom to rely. Mrs. Dickens was also a favourite with the Covent Garden public for good sound acting; and, above all, not to mention the grace and majesty of Mrs. Siddons, there was that cheval de bataille, that beautiful Roman lady, Madame Catalani, with a voice that could follow a flute through all its rippings, and a violin through all its windings.

John Philip Kemble, the son of a Staffordshire manager, was born in 1757, and had made his first appearance on the London boards as Hamlet, in 1783. He had been the sovereign idol of the public, and hitherto had reigned supreme in their favour. Age had not yet made him hard, dry, cold, nor pedantic, as that fine critic, Hazlitt, afterwards thought him. Kean's thunder-storm of passionate genius had not yet shaken old Drury to its centre.

The town was menacingly silent. The young men in the public offices (great theatre-goers) alone openly denounced the new prices, the boxes being raised from six shillings to seven shillings, the pit from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings, the galleries alone being left at their former rates of two shillings and one shilling. The extension of aristocratic and exclusive privileges, the new ante-rooms where the Phrynes, Chloës, and Aspasias of the day would flaunt their newly acquired finery, especially irritated the virtuous town. The Tory papers advocated the new prices, the Whig papers, without exception, the old. Advertisements, letters, and paragraphs, urging combination and resistance, had appeared long before the fatal day of opening. London was ripe for a theatrical mutiny.

Mr. Kemble, proud as Coriolanus, and conscious of the enormous outlay of the proprietors that had compelled the temporary high prices, was defiant and confident. On the morning of the

opening, he was seen walking like a Cæsar down Bow-street, on his way to the newspaper offices with paragraphs and letters to influence and direct the public mind in the way it should go, and to assure theatre-goers that it was not by any means the engagement of Madame Catalani that had induced the obnoxious alteration.

It was Monday, the 18th of September, 1809. The new theatre, which had been built in nine months, opened with *Macbeth*—not one of Kemble's finest performances—and the musical farce of the Quaker. The house was crowded, and a great and suspiciously expectant crowd collected also round the street doors. The people in the pit shook down into their places, but were wrangling, argumentative, jostling, and restless. The pretty but rather high-coloured faces in the obnoxious upper tiers looked down anxious and alarmed; and among the rustling silks and glossy satins there were rough angry-looking men, determinately buttoned-up in great uncouth box-coats. Still, quite unconscious of their doom, the little victims played. The apparitions behind the curtain took their pot of beer cheerfully with the army in Macduff. Every one in the pit seemed to carry bludgeons, and the turbulent democracy in the galleries complained bitterly that the "rake" of their seats was so steep that of the actors at the back of the stage they could see only the legs. Meanwhile, the court physician and the two murderers sat at the banquet-table discussing a refreshing quart of half-and-half. Liston joked; Munden twisted his mouth in extravagant drollery; and "black Jack," as the greatest Roman of them all was irreverently called in the green-room, remained imperturbable, statue-like, and imperial.

The bell rang—"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell." The musicians advanced to the attack in their unmoved mechanical way, and the music began. The flute warbled, the drum vibrated, the trombone was projected into space, the violins cut capers, the horns blared. The audience rose and took off their hats, as the whole vocal power of the house appeared and sang "God save the King." All went well. Kemble was right—there was nothing in it after all.

The music ceased, and Mr. Kemble, with his fine heroic face, strode forward in that strange *Macbeth* attire of his to speak the poetical address for the re-opening. Then broke forth the storm—chaos had come again, chaos and old night. It was like Prospero's island, when Ariel's pack came hurrying to chase, in their wild hunt, Trinculo, Caliban, and Stephano. It was like the House of Commons when it wants to divide, and will not be bored any more. The men in the drab coats turned their broad backs to the stage, or jammed on their hats and leaped upon seats. They barked like dogs at the full of the moon; they groaned, they shouted, they screeched through excruciating cat-calls; they roared, "Off, off—old prices." They yelled execrations: they foamed like the people of Ephesus when the worship of Diana, that brought them all their

money, was denounced by St. Paul. They showed in fact, violently and loudly, what absence from the theatre would better have shown, their dislike to the new prices and the new constitution of the house. There is no gratitude in the populace. The public has many pockets, but no heart.

Those strong black brows of Kemble's compressed, those dark luminous eyes clouded; but the proud actor, valuing the "sweet voices" no more than the "reek of the fen," went on reciting, in his thoughtful deliberate way, a prosaic address that claimed the credit of illustrating Shakespeare better than of old, by finer scenery:

Thus Shakespeare's fire burns brighter than of yore,
And may the stage that boasts him burn no more!

The dull and lifeless verses ended by allusions to the solidity and expense of the new theatre; expressing a hope that the attempt to raise national taste would be repaid by national liberality.

The play went on in dumb show; the witches' thunder was drowned by John Bull's. But whether *Macbeth* planned Banquo's murder, presided at the banquet, listened to the knocking at the south entry, put harness on his back, slashed desperately at the pertinacious Macduff, or fell dead on his face, no one listened, no one cared. When Mrs. Siddons exulted cruelly in the proposed murder of the royal guest, or glided on in her ghastly sleep-walk, the malcontents hooted and clamoured louder than before; nothing could pacify them.

In vain, too, Munden distorted his irresistible face in the afterpiece; the cat-calls grew shriller, the yells for old prices still fiercer. When the dark curtain fell, two magistrates from Bow-street came forward to the footlights as if they had been engaged for a lecture, and tried to catch the ear of the house. One of them drew out a paper supposed to be the Riot Act; but retired before the threatening hisses of the enraged hydra. Once or twice the police made raids into the upper gallery, and took up outrageous democrats, who were held to bail for appearance at the next sessions. Hours after the curtain fell, the rioters continued in the house, calling in vain on the obdurate manager to return to old prices. In vain fifty soldiers, on duty at the doors or in the lobby, stormed violently into the upper gallery to capture the humbler and more demonstrative rioters; but the "gods" foiled Mars by clambering down into the lower gallery, where they were cordially received by friends mad as bulls at the sight of the scarlet cloth.

The Times, the next morning, was patriotic and indignant. "It was a noble sight," it said, "to see so much just indignation in the public mind," and it derided the idea that prices were to be raised to swell the vanity of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, who must, forsooth, swagger and strut on the boards "with clothes on their backs worth five hundred pounds." The club critics, the men about town, the idle quidnuncs of all ranks, followed suit. Cruel Cata-

logues of the great actor's faults were banded from mouth to mouth, and one or two really clever men barbed the arrows that were shot at the proud and inflexible manager. Any fool can shoot the arrow, but it takes clever malice to shape the arrow-head and to poison the barb. Kemble was no genius, the ingrates shouted over their wine and grog; he was artificial, formal, slow, self-conscious, self-approving. He was always throwing himself into Roman statues. There was no spontaneity, ardour, or generous impulse. His Sir Giles Overreach was tame and insipid, his King John studied, his Hamlet severe and inflexible, his Macbeth iron-bound, his Richard the Third deliberate, his Brutus dry. Faithless herd, they chose to forget the grand dignity of his Cato, the dark rancour of his Pierre, the intense despair of his Stranger, the dignified melancholy of his Penruddock, the heroic fervour of his Rolla, the inspired energy of his Coriolanus—in a word, his energetic and elaborate art, his unrivalled concentration and intensity. Actors are often vain. Kemble was proud as Coriolanus. Surely no proud man was ever so cruelly tortured by butterfly wits and mosquito critics. For once industrious, these satirists, with the malice of Red Indians, collected into one bantering dialogue all John Philip's oddities and obstinacies of pronunciation. The terrible list included the following eccentricities, acquired from superficial studies in old books, cognate languages, and etymology.

First and foremost, *aiches* for aches, *marchant* for merchant, *innocint* for innocent, *conscience* for conscience, *varchue* for virtue, *furse* for fierce, *bird* for beard, *the* for thy, *ojus* for odious, *hijus* for hideous, *perfijus* for perfidious, *maircy* for mercy, *airth* for earth, *quellity* for quality, *sentimint* for sentiment, *etainally* for eternally.

The conspiracy grew so fast that Kemble's friends began to believe that Sheridan and the rival house (three hundred thousand pounds and more in debt) were at the bottom of it. The fanatics had been accused of burning down the theatre. The Jacobins were now supposed to be urging forward the attack on aristocratic rights and proprietors' privileges. "A plague on both your houses," thought the quiet players, who only wanted to be allowed to tranquilly enjoy Fawcett's chatter, Liston's wonderful unctuous face, Munden's inimitable grimaces, and Downton's full-blown irritability. Hot and fast as the lava on Pompeii fell showers of epigrams, such as the following:

KEMBLE, LEAVE THE PIT ALONE.

Air—"Polly put the Kettle on."

Johnny, leave the pit alone,
Let 'em crack their wit alone,
Can't you let 'em sit alone,

Let 'em sing O. P.?

Why, with lawyers fagging 'em,
Up to Bow-street dragging 'em,
Brandon* aims at gagging 'em,

More the blockhead he!

* The box-keeper.

Johnny, leave the pit alone,
Let 'em crack their wit alone,
Can't you let 'em sit alone,
Let 'em sing O. P.?

O. P. AND M. T.

Submit, stubborn Kemble, submit, do, I pray,
Thy int'rest alone sure might tempt thee;
For know, if for ever O. P.'s done away,
Thy playhouse will always be M. T.

Some of the wittiest and readiest men of the day wasted their time in fabricating these stinging crackers. Busy in ridicule of poor Kemble's habitual cough and small voice, the town even forgot for a time the gallant retreat from Corunna, and the miserable and disastrous Walcheren expedition.

The third night the riot grew more systematic; the rioters had now organised themselves. The moment the curtain rose on the witches and the foul night, the hissing, whistling, and cat-calling broke out in a perfect hurricane. People in the boxes screamed in trumpets and roared through bugles. The performers took it calmly, feeling the storm must rage itself out. "They did not," says a contemporary newspaper, "seem to feel in the slightest degree disconcerted or offended, but rather, indeed, relieved, as there was no necessity for speaking. Occasionally different persons among the audience addressed them, with the assurance that there was no intention to offer them any offence; and this we were happy to hear, particularly with respect to the ladies, some of whom, upon their entrance, exhibited signs of timidity. So little did the performers feel it necessary to attend to dialogue or ordinary forms, that the whole of the performance, both play and farce, had terminated by half-after nine o'clock. Throughout the night every box on the first and second tier presented placards of

"'Old prices.' 'Opposition—persevere and you must succeed.' 'John Bull against John Kemble.' 'No foreigners to tax us; we have taxes enough already,'" &c. &c.

Soon after the farce concluded, Mr. Kemble, in consequence of reiterated calls for the manager, made his appearance upon the stage, and, after some uproar, obtained a hearing. He said that he came forward to assure the audience of the anxious solicitude of the proprietors to accommodate themselves to their wishes, which declaration was received with applause; but when he added the following sentence, "Ladies and gentlemen, I wait here to know what you want," the hissing was universal, mixed with cries of "What ridiculous and insulting affectation." The house, indeed, became stormily indignant, and Mr. Kemble felt it convenient to retire. The audience was then addressed by two gentlemen—a Mr. Leigh and a Mr. Smyth, a barrister—then Mr. Kemble again appeared, and attempted to justify the new prices. He retired amidst hissing and some slight applause. The latter, however, soon subsided, and after about an hour spent in venting their discontent,

the audience gradually dispersed. The managers of Covent Garden Theatre asserted that the average profits for the last ten years had not exceeded six per cent on the whole capital employed. It would be candid in them to state the whole truth. Did they separate the actual expenses from the annuities and other payments for incumbences laid at different times on the establishment?

All was in vain. Nothing moved the man whom friends called "firm," and enemies "obstinate." Caius Marcius all over, he remained "whole as the marble, founded as the rock." Better to die, better to starve, than beg Hob with the cat-call, and Dick with the horrible watchman's rattle, for their "sweet voices." "The night is long that never finds the day," he said to himself, and thought,

I am half through.

The one part suffer'd, the other I will do,

quite forgetting, on the other hand, that

Things had begun make themselves strong by ill.

(Are there not aphorisms in Shakespeare for every moment of life and for all possible conditions of events?) The Coriolanus of Drury Lane was not entirely on the defensive; he sent orders to all his partisans and friends, and they bled freely at the nose for him; he hired tough-armed fighting watermen to repress the pit; he made the stage machinery rumble to frighten the bugle-players, and, as a fine theatrical coup d'état, he opened all the trap-doors on the stage suddenly when the pittites seemed prepared to storm it and tear the scenery into shreds.

On the fourth night, a gentleman, after the close of the farce, observed, from one of the boxes, "That this was the fourth night on which the most obstinate perseverance was made in these most obnoxious charges; yet neither the staves of constables, the arms of fighting watermen, the riot act, the presence of magistrates, the menacing noise of engines, nor the odious exposure of secret trap-doors, could intimidate the audience to comply with the manager's unjustifiable demand. One proprietor, who was also an actor, had passed by the voice of the audience with more insult and more contumacy than was ever shown by a minister to the voice of the people. With all his boast of the liberality of the managers, and the necessity of the increase of prices, he had refused to an old English club, who drank port wine and ate beefsteaks, a room which they had always enjoyed, in order to make a dressing-room for a foreign singer. Respectable men were dragged to Bow-street for manifesting what Lord Mansfield had stated was their inalienable right."

This gentleman, who addressed his O. P. constituents from the boxes, referred to a decision of the great Lord Mansfield, May 11, 1775, "The King versus Leigh," in which that celebrated judge laid it down that any visitor to the playhouse has an unalterable right to express his instantaneous approbation or disapprobation of the piece or the actors. The rioters boasted

loudly that that night they were not insulted by constables, riot acts, or threats of the Bastille, and that they had obtained an apology at the bottom of the bills the night before. This announcement was succeeded by the usual concord of sweet sounds proceeding from shrill penny whistles, squeaking trumpets, raving watchmen's rattles, &c., interrupted by frequent calls for "Managers! managers!" and "Kemble! Kemble! come forth."

Several placards were, as usual, suspended from the boxes and held up in the pit. One of them had inscribed on it, in large characters:

"Old prices, without any further insult or evasion." "No Catalani. Native talents," &c.

Another was inscribed:

Kemble here, John Bull advises,
To raise your fame and sink your prices.

After a considerable interval Mr. Kemble came forward. A great tumult then took place. The placards were more conspicuously waved and shaken, and some time elapsed before silence could be obtained. Mr. Kemble was still stiff-necked, and his speech was drowned in fresh surges of noise. He had hoped previous explanations would have satisfied the public.

In the Morning Chronicle (September 22nd, 1809) appeared the following squib:

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the house that Jack built.

These are the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

These are the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

This is the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

This is John Bull with a *bugle-horn*, that hissed the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

This is the thief-taker, all shaven and shorn, that took up John Bull with his bugle-horn, who hissed the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

This is the manager, full of scorn, who raised the price to the people forlorn, and directed the thief-taker, shaven and shorn, to take up John Bull with his bugle-horn, who hissed the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

On the 22nd, the audience were more numerous and, if possible, more clamorous than on any preceding night. In addition to the usual placards, were the following:

"Let the first causers of disturbance be sent to Bow-street. Those are the managers."
"Let the managers play to empty benches, and they will come to their senses."

"Support King George, but resist King John! The former gives us through his minister some statement of the causes which render in-

creased taxation necessary, and the objects to which its production is to be applied; the latter deals only in the loose and general plea of necessity, and scorns to enter into explanations."

"Don't contaminate the British stage with Italian duplicity or French trickery."

Several other appropriate and pungent placards were exhibited, which, joined with the martial tempestuous music of trumpets and bugle-horns, and the frequently repeated challenge of the great belligerent power, rendered it at last necessary, on the part of their opponents, to make an overture of negotiation.

Mr. Kemble appeared upon the stage: there was instant silence. He proposed that the affairs of the theatre should be submitted to a committee of gentlemen; and this proposition, which appeared to the audience to have the complexion of a trick, was very ill received by them.

A leading feature of the proceedings on this evening was a very generous and chivalrous speech made to the audience by a Mr. O'Reilly, who, after severely censuring the manager, said, in common justice to Catalani, "Some artful people avail themselves of your honest indignation against the manager to promote their interests, to gratify their prejudices, by exciting you to abuse an unoffending individual. How can you be so imposed upon? How can you be so inconsistent? How can you be so unmanly as to abuse a woman? What has Catalani done to offend you? (Applause and hisses.) I see the placards of 'No Catalani!' with disgust, but I see those of 'Dickens and no Catalani!' with disgust and astonishment. For what a contrast!—let me appeal to your common sense. This Catalani, whom I never saw or heard but on the stage, is capable of affording the most exquisite pleasure to all who have any taste for vocal power. She stands confessedly unrivalled. Then, if you desire the pleasure of hearing her, is it not more for the interest of you, the people, to have her here, where you can hear her for one or two shillings, than to have her at the Opera House, where you cannot enter without paying five shillings or half a guinea, which many cannot afford. Will you, to gratify others' prejudices, deny yourselves pleasure? I have heard it whispered that a great many insidious manoeuvres are going forward against this woman, and therefore I am interested for her. I have even been told that it is not improbable the managers would have no objection to an apology for rescinding their agreement with her. It may be calculated that as Madame Catalani has been detached from the Opera House, that there is now no danger of her being able to procure an engagement elsewhere which can produce any of that counter-attraction to this theatre, to guard against which was probably a main cause of her original engagement here. This calculation I state as merely possible—but will you second it? Will you promote the unworthy speculations of selfishness?"

This speech was received with general applause.

On the 23rd, Mr. Kemble came forward and stated that a committee of gentlemen was appointed to inspect the accounts, and to decide if the old or the new prices were the most fit and reasonable, and that, till that report was sent in, the theatre would be closed. The whole audience rose at this triumph, and shouted and hurraed for Mr. Kemble. He announced that Madame Catalani had relinquished her engagement, and retired amid counter-storms of applause and disapprobation.

The new sensational placard that night was one with a coffin and cross-bones on it, and the words, "Here lies the body of *New Prices*, who died 23rd September, 1809, aged 6 days."

The following epigram appeared a few days after:

John Bull has gained one point, that's flat;
For Kemble has *whipt* out the CAT,—
Shut up his house and gone to bed,
With *fewer* *ITCHES* in his head.

The enraged and stubborn English public had no mercy for its dogged opponents. They forgot that Lord Mansfield's right of expressing dislike to piece and actor did not also include the privilege of stopping the whole performance, of ruining the proprietors, scaring away quiet people, and destroying the property of the house. They would not listen to the fact that while the property of Covent Garden Theatre was divided into twelve shares, Mr. Harris had seven; Messrs. Martindale and White, who married the daughter of Mr. Powell, the celebrated actor, and who became a purchaser at the same time with Mr. Harris, three; and Kemble only two.

The committee consisted of the following gentlemen:—Alderman Sir Charles Price, Bart., M.P.; Sir Thomas Plumer, Kt., the solicitor-general; John Sylvester, Esq., the recorder of the city of London; John Whitmore, Esq., governor of the Bank of England; and John Julius Angerstein, Esq. The report of this committee was: "That the rate of profit actually received upon an average of the last six years, commencing in 1803 (the period of the then co-partnership in the theatre), upon the capital embarked therein, amounted to six three-eighths per annum, charging the concern with only the sum actually paid for insurance upon such part of the capital as was insured; that if the whole capital had been insured the profit would have been reduced to little more than five per cent, though for want of this full insurance the proprietors, being in part their own insurers, sustained a loss by the late fire, for which no compensation has been made, to the amount of their whole profits for the above period of six years." The report further stated that the committee was fully satisfied that the future profits of the new theatre at the proposed advance in the prices of admission would amount to no more than three and a half per cent per annum upon the capital expended upon

the theatre, if the same were insured; and that upon the supposition of insurance, at the former prices of admission, the proprietors would, in the judgment of the committee, annually sustain a loss of three-quarters per cent per annum on their capital. Upon this report being made public, the question arose whether the common interest of five per cent was or was not included in the estimate of profits, which called forth the further declaration, that, after deducting the legal interest of five per cent on the capital, no more than one three-eighths per cent remained to the proprietors for their whole profits.

The receipts of six years had amounted to three hundred and sixty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-three pounds; the highest, the Master Betty year (1804), being seventy thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The average was three hundred pounds a night; there being two hundred acting nights in the year. The expenses in six years had been three hundred and seven thousand nine hundred and twelve pounds.

Notwithstanding, however, the commissioners were men of business, used to accounts, and hence not likely to be deceived themselves, and of a respectability which seemed to preclude the presumption of their deceiving others, their report was very far from proving satisfactory to the public. On re-opening the theatre on the 10th of October, therefore, the same discordant and hideous noises were resumed, with cries of "Old prices." "Items." "Imposition." "You don't hoax us." "No garbled extracts to humbug John Bull." Placards were exhibited inscribed with:

Mr. Kemble, lower your prices; for no evasion
Will suit John Bull on this occasion.

John Kemble, let your monopoly cease,
And then raise your prices as high as you please.

No private boxes for intriguing.

A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether for old prices.

John Bull, be very bold and resolute! Never depart from your resolution, but firmly keep your noisy station.

For the first two or three nights after the re-opening, these disturbances began at the commencement of the play; but afterwards the rioters, becoming tired of paying the full price, and more wary, did not begin till the half price. Each night of the riot appears to have had its own distinguishing incident. On one occasion a gentleman attracted much notice by appearing in a great coat and a nightcap. On another, a *gentleman* in a box, having entered into an altercation with a gentleman in the pit, expressed a wish to speak. Silence having been restored, he began by alluding to what had fallen "from that there gentleman in that there hat." The "wild waters" were still in a roar. The rioters now began to clang dustmen's bells, blow coach-

men's horns, hiss, and clack watchmen's rattles. The mob had grown stark staring mad upon the O. P. question. All the herds of Circe were let loose, and the mob ran riot in their partisanship with the Whigs and the Reformers. The O. P. rioters laughed, sang, groaned, and wore the letters O. P. in their hats and on their waistcoats. They formed rings and got up mock fights in the pit, which terminated in roars and shouts of laughter. The special moment of the evening was when a simultaneous rush was made from the back of the pit down upon the orchestra. Pigeons were let loose from the boxes to show that John Bull was not to be "pigeoned." "Artillery whistles" screeched in the air. The placards and banners (a hint from pantomimes) broke out again a hundred strong and turned the boxes into booths. The inscriptions now were:

Mountain and Dickons,
No cat, no kittens.

"Britons who have humbled a prince, will not be conquered by a manager."

The O. P. dance, the rioters' favourite nightly diversion, was a performance as noisy and almost as demoniacal as the Carmagnole of the French revolutionists. It consisted of an alternate stamping of the feet, accompanied with the cry of "O. P." in regular and monotonous cadence. It began calmly, and increased in violence and rapidity till it ended in frenzied leaping, maddened confusion, and Bedlam broke loose.

The races up and down the pit benches were also very popular, while ruffians with false noses, or dressed as women, grimaced about the house or insulted the ladies in the obnoxious private boxes. Kemble and the managers at last lost their temper at all this, and took a false step. They got the Bow-street magistrates to lend them old Townsend and a band of runners armed with bludgeons. Mendoza, the prize-fighter, gave orders to all who would help him against the O. P. party, and beat them into submission. Another pugilist led also into the arena a threatening regiment of gallows' birds, broken-nosed, bull-necked, and scarred rowdies, with low bumpy foreheads and pig-like eyes; fellows with arms like Hercules and backs like Atlas. Lord Yarmouth, conspicuous by his flaming red whiskers, and Berkeley Craven proved their Norman descent by fighting side by side with these greasy, large-nosed, black-haired bruisers.

The pit bore this and the constables' staves pretty well till half-price time the second night, when, with an Indian yell of rage, a hundred fists were at once clenched, and the rioters fell dauntlessly upon the hired legions, felling them and drubbing them on every side. Eyes grew black, mouths puffed, and noses bled.

Another flaunting banner informed the house that the salaries of the Kembles and Madame Catalani amounted for the season to twenty-five thousand five hundred and seventy-five pounds. The speakers called Kemble a "fellow" and a

"vagrant," and swore they would be sung to by native nightingales, and not by foreign screech-owls. Peas were thrown on the stage to endanger the dancers. Ladies wearing O. P. medals were cheered. Men dressed as sailors and middies delivered ribald speeches. Everybody exulted when Charles Kemble fell by accident in the very height of a mortal combat with George Frederick Cooke as Richard Crookback. A gentleman in the boxes played "Colleen" on the flute all through the first piece; bitten apples were thrown at Mrs. Charles Kemble when she was playing Lucy, in the Beggar's Opera. Mr. O'Reilly denounced the sort of ladies who frequented the privileged boxes. In vain Townsend and his myrmidons dashed into the pit and galleries, tore off the placards and banners, or arrested the ringleaders of the evening, while the indefatigable Brandon had men taken up for continually coughing or even crying "Silence" in an aggravating way.

The Times grew more angry, and denounced Mrs. Siddons for receiving a salary of fifty pounds a night. Why, the lord chief justice sat every day in Westminster Hall from nine to four for half that sum. Hard-lined, high-coloured, gross caricatures represented Sarah, John, and Charles Kemble as sturdy, impudent beggars, with John Philip in front exclaiming, "Pity our ach-es, and our want-es." The O. P. dance grew so popular, that even princes of the blood came to see it. One night a lady who was seen lending a pin to fasten an O. P. placard in front of the boxes received an ovation from the whole house.

Kemble was a man of temper, nerve, and firmness. The prize-fighters were not his hiring; but he sometimes bemused himself (in a grave way) with old port. Cooke, who had received lectures from his manager, exulted in these occasional aberrations, and, repeating Black Jack's own gallant words to himself, used to say:

"Kemble, you were very drunk last night. If I were you, I should avoid it when going on the stage. You should time it—you should time it as I do."

Kemble's speeches were, however, often reasonable, and full of common sense. He proved to the rioters that even in Queen Anne's time, a hundred years before, when food was cheaper, the price to the pit had been three shillings. He told them the proprietors for ten years past had not received six per cent on their fluctuating and precarious investment. He assured them that actors did benefit by the receipts, and that their salaries were three times as large as their predecessors'. He ended by a generous outburst that ought to have touched the English heart:

"This," he added, "I declare to you upon my honour—I, who would not tell a lie for all that this theatre is worth!"

The tumult and riots still went on. The O. P. rioter had now reduced things to a system. In his enormous seven-caped great-coat he had nightly to squeeze himself through the iron hatch under the jealous scrutiny of Brandon and the money and cheque takers, his dozen feet of placards

wound round his body, a rattle, a dustman's bell, a post-horn, drum, or a trombone, and his white nightcap and short bludgeon pent in his pocket. He had to "roar himself as hoarse as a night coachman in winter," to stamp the fierce O. P. dance, to join in real and sham combats, and to risk his limbs in the rushes down to the orchestra. To reward such arduous service, four hundred and forty-five pounds were collected.

The chief rioters usually left the theatre in procession, howling at the offices of the opposition newspapers, or shouting Horace Smith's song of "Heigh ho, says Kemble," under the very windows of the unbending manager. Mr. Kemble's house was 89, Great Russell-street, north side—a house pulled down when the eastern wing of the British Museum was erected. On one occasion, when the mob had threatened a visit to the manager's house, the magistrates ambushed soldiers close at hand, and gave orders what to do in case the doors were forced or set on fire.

At last a lull came. The jubilee procession in honour of George the Third, in which the cars of the allegorical four quarters of the world were drawn by scene-shifters in their plain clothes, drew nobody.

Cooke, in the epilogue to the Grecian Daughter, alluding to the disaffection as past, lit up the flames again, and the house shook with applause when Charles Kemble died as Dionysius. A fresh cause of offence also occurred. One of those warm, fussy persons, who always appear at such times of public excitement, coming one night into the theatre in full Whig uniform (blue coat and buff waistcoat, and with the dangerous letters O. P. in his hat), was saluted with the familiar and commendatory address of "Here comes the honest counsellor!" and way was made for him to the centre of the pit. Thus encouraged, and it was thought authorised, the people again gave free scope to their clamour, and "Old prices" and "Clifford for ever!" became the rallying words of the night. Brandon, the box-keeper, got this Mr. Clifford apprehended outside the theatre as a rioter, and carried before a magistrate at Bow-street, by whom, however, he was immediately discharged. Mr. Clifford then indicted Brandon for an assault and false imprisonment, in which indictment Brandon was cast for five pounds. When the jury came in with their verdict for the plaintiff, a burst of applause and uproar broke forth in such a manner as to entirely destroy the decorum of a court of justice. Cries of "Huzza!" by hundreds at once were communicated like electricity to the multitude in the open hall, and echoed on the instant in Palace-yard.

In consequence of the issue of this trial, a dinner of about three hundred people took place on the 14th of December, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Mr. Clifford in the chair, and a committee was formed to defend the persons then under prosecution for the like conduct. These symptoms of a regularly organised opposition, added

to the late decision of the jury, showed the proprietors the necessity of an immediate compromise. Mr. Kemble requested admission to the meeting, and striding in, like Coriolanus into the house of Aufidius, the following resolutions were amicably agreed upon: "That the boxes should continue at seven shillings; that the pit should be lowered to the old price, three shillings and sixpence; that the tier of private boxes, in the front of the house, should be thrown open and restored to the public at the end of the season; and that all prosecutions on both sides should be stopped."

The night of the Strand dinner they performed at Covent Garden the Provoked Husband and Tom Thumb. At half-price, as usual, the O. P.s poured in, with bugles, bells, and rattans, and began their charivari as usual, till Mr. Kemble appeared in his walking-dress, half-boots, great-coat, round hat, and cane, just as he had come from the tavern. After half an hour's endeavours to obtain silence, he acquainted the house with the treaty he had just signed. He retired amid incessant cries of "Dismiss Brandon!" "No private boxes."

In vain Mr. Munden, as the King, bowed and scraped, made the most conciliatory grimaces, and talked confidentially to the nearest rows of the pit. The rioters called out, "It is from your master we want an answer." At last some one flung a paper on the stage, Munden took it up, read it, bowed, and retired. He returned, leading in the abashed, humbled, and penitent Brandon, who tried to read an apology; but the storm grew to a whirlwind, and oranges and sticks were thrown at the overzealous box-keeper till he withdrew, disconsolate enough. It was in vain that Mr. Harris came forward, scratching his crop uneasily, and pleaded for his faithful servant. The howl still was, "He must be dismissed. It's a *sine qua non*."

On the following night, Kemble, as Penudock, surrendered, and poor Brandon retired from office. He also apologised for the introduction of the fighting men. He was sorry for what had passed. It would be his first pride to prevent anything of the kind occurring again. Then broke forth a thunder-burst of cheers, and the O. P.s in the pit hoisted their final placard three times. It was inscribed:

"We are satisfied."

The Rev. Mr. Geneste, an authority on these matters, thought the new prices were unbearable. He says: "It must be allowed that seven shillings is a very high price for an evening's amusement. In the time of Charles the Second the boxes were four shillings, and the pit two shillings and sixpence. This had probably been the price from the Restoration. On particular occasions, the boxes were raised to five shillings, and the pit to three shillings. It does not appear that any other advance took place for about seventy years. At last the raised prices gradually became the regular prices. Thus the matter rested for about fifty or sixty years. In 1791-1792, when the Drury

Lane company removed to the Opera House, the boxes were raised to six shillings, and the pit to three shillings and sixpence."

Looking calmly back, there can be no doubt that Kemble, although stiff-necked, arrogant, and imprudent in his way of treating the rioters, was in the main right. If the public objected to the new prices, they had their remedy in their own hands; they could have stopped away. According to the opinion laid down by Lord Mansfield, the riot was a distinct conspiracy, and should have been punished as such.

Can we doubt that Kemble went home from the reconciliation dinner still, in his inner soul, inflexible as Coriolanus, and muttering in his grand academic manner, and in his asthmatic voice, those bitter words of Caius Marcius:

It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility;
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY AT COLOGNE.

In the year 1794, when the French revolutionary army advanced to the Rhine, the valuable library attached to the Cologne Cathedral was conveyed for safety to Darmstadt. Amongst its treasures are one hundred and ninety volumes, chiefly in manuscript. A careful catalogue of them was made so far back as 1752, by Harzheim, a learned Jesuit, under the title of "An Historical and Critical Catalogue of the Manuscripts of the Library of the Metropolitan Church of Cologne."

This valuable collection dates as far back as Charlemagne. It was commenced by Hildebold, Archbishop of Cologne, and Archchancellor of that monarch, in the year 783. It was considerably increased by gifts from Pope Leo the Third to the Emperor Charles, in 804.

The Archbishops Heribertus, Evergerus, Hanno, and their successors, continued the collection by the purchase of rare manuscripts and copies of ancient parchments. In the year 1568, Hittorp, in the preface of his work "On Divine Offices," dedicated to Archbishop Salentin, alludes more than once to this rare collection. We might quote many other authorities to authenticate the manuscripts. Jacob Pamelius, in a work published at Cologne in 1571, entitled "The Liturgy of the Latin Church" (who is quoted by Harzheim in his book, "The old Codexes of Cologne"), distinctly gives their date and origin.

The collection consists of eight parts, viz.: 1. Bibles; 2. The Fathers; 3. Ecclesiastical Law; 4. Writers on Sacrifices, Sacraments, Offices of the Church, and Liturgies; 5. Histories; 6. Ascetics; 7. Scholastics; 8. Philosophical, Rhetorical, and Grammatical writers.

Some of these manuscripts are richly illuminated, and some set with precious stones. The first codex dates from the ninth century, if not

earlier, which is indicated by the capital letters, which are in gold. The seventh codex contains the Gallic, Roman, Hebrew, and Greek Psalmody, as edited by St. Jeronimus—"a most rare and valuable codex."

The twelfth codex, in elegant foglio, adorned with many illuminations and annotations of the eighth century, comprises the four Gospels.

Codex one hundred and forty-three deserves particular mention. As frontispiece, there is a portrait of Archbishop Evergerus in his episcopal robes. It is richly illuminated, and set with jewels.

The above quotations, which we have translated from the Latin, in which language the catalogue is written, will suffice to give such of our readers as are bibliophiles some idea of a treasure which will shortly be restored to the shelves of the library attached to the Cologne Cathedral.

We may mention another restoration which is on the eve of accomplishment. The celebrated collection of pictures, known as the Düsseldorf collection, will shortly be returned to Prussia, negotiations having already commenced for that purpose. The collection, which comprises some of the finest specimens of the German and Dutch schools, is at present at Munich.

MY SONGS.

TRANSLATED FROM PETÜFI.

I'm lost in thought, I cannot understand

What's passing round me. On swift wings I fly,
Perplexed and restless, o'er the fatherland,

Through the wide world and the o'erhanging sky,
And then strange dreary dreams inspire my lays,
Like lunar rays!

But why should vain chimeras fill my mind?

A brighter future I'll anticipate;
Why to hope's promises should I be blind?

God rules above us, and our God is great;
And then my songs up to Heaven's portals rise
Gay butterflies!

And when a lovely maid I chance to meet,
O how I revel in her smiles of grace!

O how I look into those eyes so sweet,
As looks a star upon the lake's calm face!
And then my song with rapturous fragrance glows
Like a wild rose!

And am I loved? I feel a joy divine—

I dwell enraptured on a thought like this;
Come! fill my glass with rosy sparkling wine,
And celebrate with me the mighty bliss!
Then are my songs inspired by hope and love,
Rainbows above!

But while I hold the glass I look around,

And see the manacles my country wears,
Then, not the clinking glasses' music-sound,
But the harsh clang of fetters shocks my ears.
What is the song which then I sing aloud?
A misty cloud!

Will not the people, in a burst sublime,
Break through these chains? Can no release be
wrought

Till they are rusted by corroding time?

Forbid it, Heaven! I cannot bear the thought;
Then do my songs burst forth in shame and ire,
Like lightning's fire!

ON THE WALLABY.

I FOUND myself one morning on a certain diggings in New South Wales, with five pounds in my pocket, and no horse. My mind was soon made up, loafing not being in my creed. I bought a pair of blankets, a blue serge shirt, moleskin trousers, and a billycock hat, and thus arrayed in the unaccustomed but orthodox costume, I bade a long farewell to sweldom, and started on the Wallaby in search of any kind of employment, which, as Mr. Micawber has it, might turn up.

Birds of a feather, &c. On my first night out, I fell in with an unfortunate individual who, like myself, had "seen better days," and we *chummed*. Very useful poor Sam proved to me, for he had had a previous experience of "travelling."

As long as my remaining few shillings lasted, we did not ask a squatter for food; but after walking about five hundred miles my stock came to an end, and afterwards we were obliged to cadge like the rest.

For thirteen weeks I prowled about the country, asking at every station for employment, and during that time I was offered but *one* job, and that was to make bricks. This, in consequence of a practical knowledge of the art of brickmaking not having been considered necessary as a part of my education, I was most reluctantly forced to decline. And until eventually, after walking over fourteen hundred miles, I got a job "rolling fleeces," I had to continue my vagrant existence. "Misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows," and truly this proverb is fully exemplified "on the Wallaby." I have met men from almost every quarter of the globe, and almost every grade in society supplies its representative—literally from the peer to the peasant. A noble viscount, whom I have met "bullock-driving," was, upon his coming to the title, discovered, after some difficulty, hut-keeping for two shepherds, at a sheep station on the Burrowa River, New South Wales. He is now, I believe, living on his estate in the old country. Lawyers and "old lags," doctors and "Pentonvilles," B.A.s and agricultural labourers, counter-jumpers, mechanics, and indeed "all sorts of men," are to be seen "on the Wallaby." Worn-out old men, who are only fit for the Benevolent Asylum, and "cranky men" form by no means a small quota of the whole. There is an incredible number of the latter constantly going the rounds; pitied and fed by the settlers, and unmercifully chafed by their "fellow-travellers." I have met these unfortunates in the depth of winter, wet and miserable, with scarcely a rag

to cover them, and sometimes carrying the most incongruous materials to represent a "swag." One I saw, not long since, with a piece of old woolpack, in which he had rolled some empty bottles, and this comprised the whole of his bedding.

I am not aware that the sad state of these men has attracted the attention of the authorities sufficiently for inquiry to be made as to the cause of their mental aberration, but this I do know, that they are supposed to have been "hoccussed" at bush public-houses where they have spent their money, and the landlords of which have resorted to this means of saving their grog, and getting possession of the cheque. Whether the landlords really commit this crime or not I cannot say; at any rate, they have the credit of it, and I can vouch for the fact that I have lately seen men with a "loose shingle," who, a few months since, were in perfect possession of their senses. It is a well-known fact, about which there is no sort of secrecy, that a bushman will go to one of these houses, and handing his cheque over the bar, request to be told when it is finished. For a cheque of three or four pounds he may get two days' drinking, and for anything under thirty pounds about a week, and so on. I have heard of instances in which men with two or three years' earnings of upwards of one hundred pounds have been brought in debt after three days.

These men are generally safe from "hoccussing," and it is those who change their cheques and keep the money in their pockets, paying as they go, who are generally supposed to be the victims. However shocking these facts may appear, they are nevertheless far from being overdrawn.

It is this sad practice of "knocking down" their money which causes the vagrancy—a cure for which the squatters seek in vain.

Men who have no real liking for drink will, after they have been for months at work in the bush, go down towards town, and as a rule the first "public" pulls them up. They take two or three nobblers, and it is all up with them. They become, in fact, after a lengthened residence in the interior, "dipso-maniacs," and it is much to be feared that the disease is more likely to increase than the reverse.

To continue, however, my picture of the Wallaby tract, it is the custom of a traveller to make a homestead every evening at sundown, and, if possible, never to pass one during the day. To effect this, if the stations are near together, he "coils" in the bush, out of sight of the road, until it is time to go up, when the following short colloquy takes place between him and the squatter, or his overseer: "Do you want any 'ands, sir?" "No!" "Can I stop to-night, sir?" "Yes." And this formula is repeated nightly until he is fortunate enough to receive an affirmative answer to his first question.

The travellers usually get their meals in the hut occupied by the working hands on the station, though some few squatters serve out

rations, and let them cook it themselves as they best can. The sleeping apartment is in almost every case the shearing-shed, which is generally a large rambling structure of slabs, through which the wind can blow in all directions.

When they have supped, the "specimens" retire to their dormitory, where they scramble for any old sheepskins they may be fortunate enough to find, which they use as "hippers" to ward off the hardness of the boards from their bones. The blankets are thrown over one or two of these, and the bed is made. Like the amateur casual, I cannot give you anything approaching to a description of the orgies usually held in these séances. Eyes polite would be scathed were I to write a tithe of the blasphemy and oaths which as a rule garnish the conversation. The characters of the squatters and their private and domestic concerns, the capabilities of various shearers, the chances for or against getting a job, and the best *feeding track*, are the never-failing subjects of discussion. Sometimes an old "*l'other sider*" will tell the assembled crowd how he got lagged, the language used being of course more forcible than classic. Or another will favour the company with a song, freely interspersed with the flowery rhetoric usually adopted by the Tasmanian bard. Let the following serve as a sample of a chorus:

For they chained us *toe* the plough, my boys,

Hand they tied us 'and to 'and,

Oh! they yoked us up like 'or-'orses

To plough Van Diemen's Land.

The advisability of burning the fences of obnoxious squatters is another favourite theme, and this is a punishment which, according to their own boasts, they would mete out to all settlers who would not feed them; for they conceive they have a perfect right to their night's accommodation, and bitterly blame the squatters as the cause of their misfortunes, through their encouragement of immigration. Some of these worthies make a profession of the "Wallaby," and, except at very rare intervals, never take employment when offered. Such as these make a practice of "slinging the probe," which means stealing bread and meat for the next day's dinner, and which they secrete in handy pockets while they are at supper. There are also a great many men who come out of the larger towns during the dull season to sponge upon the sheep-farmers, and it is not to be wondered at that the squatters should grudge these loafers the rations which they consume.

I believe that all settlers are willing to grant hospitality to the *bonâ fide* station-hands, and they can tell at a glance the real from the counterfeit. The old lag, too, is picked out at once by a practised eye; the "model," or Pentonville, is easily distinguished from him again; and the free immigrant, or square-head, is equally well spotted.

Few squatters are called upon to feed less than ten or a dozen of these gentry, on an average, every night, the numbers sometimes swelling to twenty or thirty. The Messrs. Wil-

son Brothers, whose stations are situated on the Wimmera River, are the gentlemen most liberally patronised, and, incredible as it may seem, the average number of travellers accommodated at each homestead every night during the off season is *nearer sixty than fifty*, and as many as *ninety-two* have been counted on a single night at Longernong, the station of Mr. John Wilson.

There is no doubt that in many cases these recipients of charity could, with common care, always be in a position to purchase food while out of employment. A good bushman can earn at piece-work from two pounds to three pounds per week, clear of rations; and although the work is not continuous, he can save enough for his purpose. Some do so and marry, purchase a few acres of ground, and start as "cockatoos," or carriers. Farming on a small scale, however, does not appear to be very profitable, for many of the farmers are to be seen "on the Wallaby" looking for shearing at the proper time of year. The station hands, men who are employed by the week to do what is called "knock-about work," usually receive fifteen shillings a week and their board. Out of this a man can save but very little, buying as he does his clothes, tobacco, &c., from the hawkers who traverse the country, and who charge somewhere about cent per cent on town prices. The goods which they usually carry are so inferior that the unfortunate labourer in reality pays two hundred per cent, as they so constantly require renewing.

From whatever cause, however, the impecunious state of the traveller may arise, whether from improvidence or from misfortune, the facts remain the same. There is a large number of men constantly "on the Wallaby," and food and shelter they must have; whether the squatter is morally obliged to supply the want is a question which I will not enter into. He does it; but, I am bound to admit, he does it under protest. Meetings have been held, at which the subject has been freely discussed; and proposals have been made to discontinue the practice altogether, or to charge so much for the night's accommodation.

Few squatters are willing to adopt the former course, and the latter would, in most cases, be unable to enforce their demands, for not one in ten could produce the money. Some few settlers expect the "callers" to chop a certain quantity of wood, others to cut chaff; but these are expedients adopted more for the purpose of seeing the men, in order to guard against their coming too often, than for anything else.

A few of these extra hands are at times absorbed in government contracts, but the number makes no sensible diminution in the infliction.

Now, there is not a doubt that there are many loafers among these travelling bands who will not work; but there are also many deserving men who are willing and anxious to work, and the squatters do not object to provide food and shelter for the latter class. To draw a line

between the two, however, would be, it is evident, next to impossible; so that, in order that the industrious may not suffer, all must be fed.

The arrangements at the bush public-houses may be pointed to as the leading cause of the labouring classes being so improvident. In almost every case, the taproom is the only apartment set aside for their accommodation. No comfort of any description is provided for them; their meals, of the coarsest, are generally served to them in the kitchen; and any hole is supposed to be good enough for them to sleep in, the room set apart for a dormitory being supplied with a few stretchers and blankets, and going by the name of "the lushington's crib," or "the dead-house."

Every inducement is held out to them to drink; none whatever to keep sober and respectable. Few resist the temptation; and when once they reach the proper stage of intoxication, as long as the money lasts they are kept drunk.

So much is this habit of "knocking down" the hard-earned cheque the rule and not the exception, that I once heard a wealthy squatter, himself a justice of the peace, say that it was a pity there was no public-house in the neighbourhood, and that one must be started as soon as possible to keep the labour in the district.

This was in a newly occupied part of the interior, where men were scarce and wages high, the nearest inn being about three hundred miles distant.

To sum the matter up, there are hundreds of men "on the Wallaby" during several months of the year for whom there is no employment, and they are wholly dependent upon the "grazier" for food and shelter.

The practice is as unpleasant to the "traveller" as it is unprofitable for the "squatter." Can any one suggest a remedy?

ROMANCE OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

CHAPTER I.

THE story of the Diamond Necklace, or the "Affaire du Collier," as it is termed in the jurisprudence of the time, has been told scores of times by historians, biographers, memoir-writers, novelists, dramatists, and essayists, in almost every European language. We propose to bring forward some new passages in this singular history, and to interweave them with the facts already known.

About a century ago, the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, a beauty of the court of Louis the Fifteenth, and who married the grandson of Simon Bernard, the famous Hebrew banker, was driving one afternoon over to Passy, when a ragged little girl, with a younger girl strapped like a bundle of rags to her back, and with a ragged little urchin trotting by her side, ran after the carriage, and appealed for charity in this strange language:

"Kind lady, pray take pity on three poor

orphans descended from Henry the Second of Valois, King of France."

The marchioness stopped the carriage, questioned the child, made inquiries, and finding that the children were really of royal descent—through an illegitimate channel—caused them to be presented to the king, who conferred on them three trifling pensions of thirty-two pounds, and gave the boy a commission in the navy. Jeanne, the eldest, and her sister, with the approval of the marchioness, entered a convent near Paris. Convents in those days were merely boarding-schools, with little restraint upon the boarders. Nevertheless, this restraint was too much for the Mademoiselles de St. Remi, who absconded one fine morning with some thirty francs in pocket, and took their passage on board one of the river barges to Bar-sur-Aube, a small town about one hundred and forty miles from Paris, near the village where they were born, and where their ancestors once possessed considerable estates.

The family of St. Remi had gradually fallen off from its position as an offshoot of the blood royal, until it had finally sunk to the level of the peasant class. Jeanne de St. Remi, the heroine of this story, entertained high notions of her lofty descent, and determined to recover the family estates. Her father, Jacques de St. Remi, had married the daughter of his concierge, and had gradually fallen into poverty.

The two girls, on reaching Bar-sur-Aube, took up their abode at La Tête Rouge, the smallest inn in the place, their scanty funds being nearly exhausted. They gave out that they were of royal blood, and the rightful owners of several important estates in the neighbourhood, which they had come to reclaim. Curiosity was excited. A benevolent old lady took them to her house to stay with her. Jeanne, though not strikingly handsome, was far from plain. She had a complexion of dazzling whiteness, beautiful blue eyes full of expression, fine teeth, and was soon flirting with all the young fellows in the neighbourhood. Two suitors stood out in advance of the rest—one, the nephew of the lady with whom the Mademoiselles de St. Remi de Valois were staying, a tall and somewhat ungainly gendarme; the other, the son of a landed proprietor, named Beugnot. The father of the latter, not liking the prospect of having Jeanne de St. Remi for a daughter-in-law, packed his son off to Paris to study law, politics, and human nature: which he did to such good purpose as to become, in after years, Minister of Police and Postmaster-General under Louis the Eighteenth, by whom he was created count.

It is from the interesting memoirs which he left behind him in MS. that many of the new passages in the Necklace romance are derived.

De la Motte—the tall young gendarme—carries off the prize. To provide herself with a suitable trousseau, Jeanne de St. Remi pledges her pension for the next two years, whilst young De la Motte sells his horse and cabriolet to defray the wedding expenses. After the marriage, they assume the title of count and countess. Without resources, they get into

debt, and remove into Lunéville, where De la Motte's regiment is quartered. The countess has numbers of admirers, including the Marquis d'Autichamp, commandant of the corps. Hearing that the Marchioness de Boulaingvilliers is at Strasburg, she sets off in search for her, and at last meets with her at Saverne, at the palace of Prince Cardinal de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, to whom she is introduced by the marchioness as a deserving object for his eminence's and the nation's bounty.

Difficulties increase. They return to Bar-sur-Aube. The countess persuades the elder Beugnot to lend her one thousand francs, that she may try her fortune in Paris to endeavour to procure the restitution of the St. Remi domains. She divides the one thousand francs with her husband, who goes over to Foullette, the ancestral seat of the St. Remis, proclaims his alliance with a daughter of the house, has a *Te Deum* chanted in the church, scatters his five-franc pieces about as long as they last to the gaping crowd, and is hailed as their lord and lord of Foullette. When his five hundred francs are exhausted, he seeks an asylum in the house of his married sister.

The countess is not idle in Paris; she memorialises ministers and petitions the king to restore her the estates of her ancestors, and to grant her some immediate pecuniary relief for her pressing necessities. About this time the Marchioness de Boulaingvilliers falls seriously ill, and Madame de la Motte tends her until she dies, when the old marquis makes overtures to her, which she rejects with disdain. We next find her with her husband in a miserable apartment on the fifth floor of a dingy hôtel meuble in the back-slums of Paris. A squabble about payment leads to their ejection, and they secure an apartment in the Rue Neuve St. Gilles, which they succeed in getting furnished on the security of a Jew. To save themselves from starvation, the countess sells her own and her brother's pension outright to a money-lender named Grenier for the sum of nine thousand francs. She sends a memorial to Cardinal de Rohan, the grand almoner, who consents to accord her an audience, and she finds out her old flame, young Beugnot, now a rising advocate, keeping his carriage and livery servant. She asks him to escort her to the Palace of the Cardinal. "I want of you three things," says she; "your carriage, your servant to follow me, and, lastly, yourself to accompany me; all of which are indispensable, since there are only two good ways of asking alms—at the church door, and in a carriage." Beugnot granted her two first requests, but resolutely refused the third; and, unattended save by a servant in livery, to the Palace of the Cardinal she went, decked out in her finest feathers, redolent with perfumes, and intent upon making an impression. She succeeded, and became a regular recipient of De Rohan's bounty.

She wheedles his secrets out of him, and learns that his life is rendered miserable by a burning yet hopeless passion for the queen. Here is a

trump card to play. After a sufficient interval, and after duly preparing her dupe for the intelligence, she tells him that the queen has deigned to peruse one of her memorials, has bestowed her bounty upon her, has promised to interest herself to procure the restitution of the St. Remi estates, has received her privately at Versailles and Little Trianon, and, having heard from herself of the cardinal's goodness towards her, has spoken to her respecting him, though in terms of suppressed indignation. Through the countess's pretended mediation, the cardinal's complete forgiveness is procured, and he is entrapped into a supposed correspondence with his sovereign. A lazy ne'er-do-well companion of the count, and, like him, late of the gendarmerie, who is hanging about Versailles to see what Providence in its goodness will be pleased to send him—a somewhat skilful fellow with his pen—is employed by Madame de la Motte to write "billets-doux" to the cardinal in the queen's name. His "cabinet du travail" was the countess's bedchamber, and he worked by a little table at the bedside, on which was a writing-desk with a stock of note-paper, bordered with blue vignettes such as Marie Antoinette was known to be in the habit of using. Retaux de Villette—for that was our ex-gendarme's name—after a time, resided regularly under the De la Motte roof; for Jeanne de St. Remi, Countess de la Motte de Valois, having now considerable traffic in forgery, found it necessary to keep a forger on the premises, much as other people find it necessary to keep a secretary or a clerk.

All the while the countess and Villette are concocting letters that inflame and cool the passion of the grand almoner by turns, an idea is germinating in this woman's brain which she is only waiting an opportunity to convert into an accomplished fact. The crown jewellers have a gorgeous Diamond Necklace ordered by Louis the Fifteenth for the notorious Countess Dubarry, but which the unexpected death of the "well-beloved" has left on their hands. Marie Antoinette will not accept it, though it has been twice offered to her by the king; and, though it has been exhibited at every court in Europe, and has become an object of envy among queens and women, a purchaser for it cannot be found. Madame de la Motte has heard all about it, has seen it flash forth its myriad rainbow-coloured rays in the atelier of the crown jewellers at the sign of the Grand Balcon in the Rue Vendôme, has heard its value estimated at one million eight hundred thousand francs, and has set her mind on becoming possessor of it.

Daring and rapid as the countess was through life, she bides her time, sends out fresh begging letters and petitions to every one she fancies she can move by her appeals, in the hope of replenishing her empty exchequer. She meets with a certain amount of success. In an autograph letter of hers now before us, and which has never been made public, we find her "having the honour of

assuring Monsieur the Baron de Breteuil, minister of the king's household, that she had yesterday only a single franc left, and may consequently well hope to improve her fortune. It is not my intention," she continues, "to offer a menace to any one in declaring that I shall end by throwing myself at the feet of the king, and acquainting him with all my misfortunes. . . . God has not yet determined my fate; and if Providence does not show pity on me, people will have to reproach themselves at seeing me come to a most miserable end. I am not ashamed to tell you, sir, that I am going out into the world to beg. . . . People may do as they please with me; nevertheless, I say it is frightful to abandon a relation of a king, whom he has himself recognised, and who is in a most lamentable position. . . . I am no longer surprised that so many people are driven into crime; and I can say, moreover, that it is religion alone which keeps me from doing wrong." The best commentary on the foregoing, is the fact that at the time it was written the Countess de la Motte kept a pair-horse carriage.

While these begging letters are being penned, "billets-doux," each more impassioned than the last, are passing between the cardinal and a phantom queen. At length the grand almoner pleads hard for an interview, at which, prostrated at his sovereign's feet, he may pour out his gratitude and love; eventually this is promised him; but it must be a secret interview, at midnight, in the bosky recesses of the gardens of Versailles. Count de la Motte picks up a Palais Royal courtesan bearing a striking resemblance to Marie Antoinette, and, with his deliberate way of doing things, occupies a whole fortnight in bringing about the introduction of this woman to his wife. Far different is it with the countess; she arranges everything at a single interview, then carefully instructs her protégée in the part she is to play, tricks her out in an appropriate disguise, conducts her to the place of rendezvous, and retires a few paces off to watch the scene. The cardinal approaches, kneels at the feet of the counterfeit queen, excuses his past faults, promises future amendment, and gives passionate expression to his present gratitude and his undying love. He receives from the object of his adoration a few words of encouragement and the present of a rose; when Madame de la Motte, fearful, if the conversation be prolonged, that the trick will be discovered, rushes forward and announces that the queen's sisters-in-law, the Countesses of Provence and Artois, are approaching, and so brings the interview to a sudden close.

For the next few days the cardinal is in the seventh heaven. Madame de la Motte perceives it, and determines to profit by it, and forthwith causes a letter to be written to him in the queen's name, asking for a temporary loan of fifty thousand francs for charitable purposes. The fifty thousand francs are instantly sent to Madame de la Motte, and with these she and her husband pro-

ceed to make a grand display in the Rue Neuve St. Gilles. The "lady," who played the part of queen in the travestie got up for the Prince de Rohan's benefit, had been promised fifteen thousand francs (six hundred pounds)—handsome enough terms for one night's performance in a single scene, had they been adhered to. She received, however, no more than four thousand francs.

The evening following that on which the cardinal was so cleverly duped, young Beugnot, who was strolling idly about the "quartier" of the Marais, near to where Madame de la Motte resided, looked in at the Rue Neuve St. Gilles, on the chance of finding her at home. He was told that all the family were out, with the exception of Mademoiselle Colson, a lively spinster, and madame's "dame de compagnie:" a woman wanting neither in wit nor malice, and who proceeded to inform Beugnot that "their royal highnesses the count and countess were just then occupied with some grand project. 'They pass their time,' said she, 'in secret councils, to which the first secretary, Villette, is alone admitted. His reverence the second secretary (a certain Father Loth, who was madame's spiritual confessor and man-of-all-work) is consequently reduced to listening at the door. He makes three journeys a day to the Palais Cardinal without guessing a single word of the treacherous messages they confide to him. The monk is inconsolable at this, since he is as curious as an old devotee.' Two hours were thus passed," says Beugnot, "in thus slandering our neighbours, and in making guesses and prophesying, until at last we heard the sound of a carriage entering the court, and saw descend from it M. and Madame de la Motte, Villette, and a woman of about twenty-five years of age: a blonde, very pretty, and a remarkably fine figure. The two women were dressed with elegance, but with simplicity; the men wore dress-coats, and had the air of having just returned from some country party. They talked plenty of nonsense together, laughed, hummed, and seemed as if they could not keep their legs still. The 'unknown' shared the common mirth, but restrained herself within due bounds, and displayed a certain timidity. They took their seats at table, the merriment continued, it increased, and finally became noisy. Mademoiselle Colson and I wore dull and astonished looks, such as one is forced to put on in the presence of very gay people when one is ignorant of what they are laughing at. Meanwhile, the party indulging in this excess of hilarity seemed inconvenienced by our presence, as it prevented them from speaking openly of the subject of their mirth. M. de la Motte consulted Villette as to whether there would be any risk in speaking? Villette replied that he 'did not admit the truth of the adage that one is betrayed only by one's own people—in fact,' said he, 'anybody and everybody were ready to betray you, and discretion——' Here Madame de la Motte, by whose side the first secretary was sitting, suddenly put her hand on his mouth, and said, in an impera-

tive tone, 'Hold your tongue! M. Beugnot is too upright a man for your confidence.' I give her words without changing a syllable. The compliment would have been a flattering one if the countess had not been ordinarily in the habit of using the words 'upright man' and 'fool' as though they were synonymous.

"When the supper had come to an end, I asked Madame de la Motte to lend me her horses to take me home. She raised only a slight difficulty; it was necessary that she should send home the 'unknown,' and eventually decided that the one living the furthest off should put down the other on the way. I objected to this arrangement, and asked permission of the lady to conduct her to whatever quarter she lived in; expressing my regret that, however distant this might be, it would still be too near. This woman's countenance had, at the first glance, caused me that kind of uneasiness which one feels when one is conscious of having seen a person before, but cannot recollect when or where. I addressed several questions to her on our way, but was unable to draw anything out of her; either Madame de la Motte, who had spoken to her in private before she left, had recommended her to be discreet with me; or, what seemed more probable, she had naturally more inclination for holding her tongue than for talking. I set down my silent companion in the Rue de Cléry. The uneasiness I felt in her presence was, I afterwards called to mind, due to her striking resemblance to the queen. The lady proved to be no other than Mademoiselle d'Oliva, and the mirth of my companions was occasioned by the complete success of the knavish trick they had played off, only the night before, in the park of Versailles upon the Cardinal de Rohan."

CHAPTER II.

THE sudden possession of a large sum of money produced in Madame de la Motte a strong desire to display herself at Bar-sur-Aube. A couple of years before, the De la Mottes had left the place with borrowed money; now they returned in their own carriage, with steward, couriers, and saddle-horses, and actually required a waggon to convey their wardrobe. The count and countess spent several weeks at Bar-sur-Aube, gave grand dinner and supper parties, and discharged all their debts—with the cardinal's money. M. de la Tour, who had married De la Motte's sister, at once saw that there was something wrong, and the countess quailed beneath his cutting sarcasms.

"I chanced to be alone," says Beugnot, "with M. de la Tour on the day of Madame de la Motte's arrival. 'Am I not right a thousand times,' said he to me, 'when I assert that Paris contains some of the very worst people in the world? In what other place, I ask you, would this little vixen and her big lanky husband have been able to obtain by swindling, the things which they are now displaying before our astonished eyes? Your good father excepted'—Beugnot's father, it will be remembered, had lent the De la Mottes a thousand francs a few

years previously—"whom would they have found in this place willing to lend them a crown? And yet in half an hour they have unpacked more silver plate than is to be found in the whole town besides, not even excepting the chalices and ornaments of the altar." . . . "Do you not know," remarked I, "that Madame de la Motte is protected by the queen?" "I'll say nothing as to the queen's protection," replied La Tour; "but, between you and me, the wife of our lord the king is not the most prudent person in the world; still she is not such a fool as to have anything to do with people of their stamp, I warrant."

The countess and her husband, the steward and the four tall footmen, the led horses and the travelling-van, and the outriders and the elegant berline, returned to Paris at the close of the autumn of 1784, when the De la Mottes proceeded—after all their desperate struggles towards this end—to enter at last into the coveted gaieties of the rank and fashion of the most brilliant capital in Europe. Suddenly grown rich in the queen's name, after having established a very general belief in her pretended intimacy with royalty, the countess's extravagance became consequently one of the chief elements in her system of deceit.

Meanwhile, fresh funds have to be procured to keep up her now expensive establishment, for by this time every sou of the cardinal's fifty thousand francs was spent. She therefore causes another letter to be written to the cardinal in the queen's name, asking for a further loan for charitable purposes—this time of the amount of one hundred thousand francs. The infatuated old man again sends the sum asked for, to the countess, who, now that her mind is at rest as to pecuniary matters, prepares to put her design with reference to the famous Diamond Necklace in execution.

It is winter. The Cardinal de Rohan is moping in his grand palace at Saverne. He has named a walk in the episcopal pleasure-grounds, which used to be called "The Road of Happiness," "The Promenade de la Rose," in honour of the gracious gift of counterfeit royalty at the midnight meeting in the Gardens of Versailles, and up and down this walk he daily paces, dreaming wild dreams of love and ambition, and nervously awaiting the arrival of a courier from Paris to summon him to another interview with his sovereign. At length the wished-for messenger arrives, the bearer of a billet-doux, bordered with blue vignettes, which informs the cardinal that "the wished-for moment has not yet arrived, but I desire to hasten your return on account of a secret negotiation which interests me personally, and which I am unwilling to confide to any one but yourself. The Countess de la Motte will explain the meaning of this enigma." After reading this note the cardinal longed for wings, but was obliged to put up with ordinary post-horses, and, wrapped up in furs, for it was a hard frost, was soon rolling over the hundred and fifty miles of road, slippery as glass, that intervened between Saverne and the capital. The solution of the

enigma was not exactly what he had hoped for: still, his vanity was gratified when he learned that the queen had a secret desire to possess the world-renowned Diamond Necklace, and had selected him to arrange with the crown jewellers the terms of purchase. To the Grand Balcon he hies, and opens negotiations with Bohmer and Bassenge, which end in the Necklace being purchased in the queen's name for the sum of one million six hundred thousand francs, payable in four instalments of equal amount at intervals of six months' date. A written contract is drawn up by the cardinal and sent to Madame de la Motte for her to obtain the queen's signature to it. After some little delay, it is returned approuvé, and signed "Marie Antoinette of France." Singularly enough, the charlatan, Count Cagliostro, who possessed enormous influence over the cardinal, having cheated him into the belief that he could not only make gold, but diamonds too, and who was regarded by the cardinal as some demigod, arrived in Paris just at the moment the final arrangements were being made with the crown jewellers. Whether or not he was summoned thither by the cardinal himself, is unknown, but the vicar-general of the latter says that he was consulted prior to the negotiations being concluded. "This Python," observes he, "mounted his tripod. The Egyptian invocations were made at night in the saloon of the Palais Cardinal, which was illuminated for the occasion by an immense number of wax-candles. The oracle, under the inspiration of its familiar demon, pronounced the negotiation to be worthy of the prince, that it would be crowned with success, that it would raise the goodness of the queen to its height, and bring to light that happy day which would unfold the rare talents of the cardinal (who was ambitious of the post of prime minister) for the benefit of France and of the human race."

The Necklace is delivered by the jewellers early on the morning of the 1st of February, 1785. On the same day the cardinal receives a letter commanding him to bring the jewel to Versailles that very evening, and to wait at Madame de la Motte's lodgings there, until the queen signifies that she is prepared to receive him. Thither the cardinal goes, disguised in a long great-coat and slouched hat, bearer of the casket containing the matchless gem. The countess is on the watch for him, and hardly has he entered her apartment when there comes a knock at the door, and the cardinal has barely time to conceal himself in an alcove, when a messenger, in the queen's livery, enters, and hands a note to Madame de la Motte. The countess signals the man to retire, then reads the note, and hands it to the cardinal. This note commands the cardinal to deliver the casket to the bearer, and to wait where he is, as the queen does not despair of seeing him, later in the evening.

Credulous Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan does as he is bid, delivers up the Necklace, and waits—waits, but to no purpose. The countess comforts him as best she can: "the king is

doubtless with her majesty, who has a difficulty in getting rid of him." Rid of him, it seems, she cannot get. The cardinal, with his high-soaring hopes dashed to the ground, has to return to his hotel at Versailles, there to meditate on the fickleness of fortune.

Success is achieved at last. The great fraud is consummated. The crown jewellers, delighted at having got rid of this matchless article, which had been a source of anxiety to them for years, give a grand dinner to the countess, and offer her a handsome commission on the sale. She politely declines it. What does she want with a commission? She has got the Necklace itself.

CHAPTER III.

THE Countess de la Motte had succeeded in obtaining the Necklace, but how was she to turn it into cash? Every workman in France knew this famed piece of bijouterie. The only plan was to remove the diamonds from their settings and to dispose of them piecemeal.

In this she partly succeeds. Having already spent the whole of the hundred thousand francs received from the cardinal a few months previously, she contrives, by means of some of her Bar-sur-Aube connexions, to sell a few of the diamonds to a Paris jeweller, and with the proceeds packs her husband off to England to dispose of the remainder.

Arrived in London, the count calls upon two of the best-known jewellers of the period—Jeffreys, of Piccadilly, and Gray, of New Bond-street. Gray buys one hundred and eighty-three of the five hundred and forty-one stones of which the Necklace was composed, or about one-third of the entire number. For these the count receives in cash and value, ten thousand three hundred and seventy-one pounds six shillings. Six thousand and ninety pounds of this sum is paid in cash, and the remainder in articles of jewellery and sundry knick-knacks, including upwards of two thousand pounds' worth of pearls, with which to embroider a coverlid for the countess's bed; a pair of diamond earrings, valued at six hundred pounds; a diamond star, valued at four hundred pounds; a medallion set with diamonds, two hundred and thirty pounds; a pearl necklace, two hundred pounds; besides a diamond snuff-box, several diamond rings, and a diamond aigrette with which to loop up the count's three-cornered hat; a handsome steel sword, one hundred pounds; and numerous other articles of jewellery. He directs Gray to mount him sixty-one additional stones: some, as drop earrings, and others as a necklace, for the countess. While all this bargaining is going on, the count finds time to run down to Newmarket, where he backs certain horses, and wins a thousand pounds. On his return to London he enters into the most expensive pleasures of the British capital, keeps fashionable company, rides in the Park with his groom behind him, gives expensive dinners at several of the best hotels, and plays deeply at the West-end hells.

At last he is back in Paris, has cashed his letter of credit on a French banker, Perregaux

(the same who engaged Jacques Laffitte, from seeing him pick up and carefully preserve a common pin), and is engaged in disposing of a further quantity of diamonds to a goldsmith and jeweller named Regnier, of whom the countess had been in the habit of purchasing both jewellery and plate; so that altogether the count and countess receive in money and value something like fourteen thousand pounds for three hundred out of the five hundred and forty-one stones of which the Necklace was composed. There is joy for a time in the Rue Neuve St. Gilles, where grand dinner-parties are given, at which people of some condition are present, such as the Marquis de Saisseval, very wealthy, and pushing his way at court; the Count d'Estaing, one of the heroes of the American war, and who, in subsequent years, commanded the National Guards of Versailles when the château was stormed by the mob; the Baron Lilleroir, an officer of the King's body-guard; the Abbé de Cabres, a councillor in the Paris parliament; the receiver-general, Dorey; and Rouelle d'Orfeuil, intendant of Champagne. Besides her grand dinner-parties, the countess gives once or twice a week little suppers to her more intimate friends, such as Beugnot, Cagliostro, and others. It was at one of these that Beugnot and Cagliostro were first introduced to each other, after the former had been warned by the countess that she would be obliged to disarm the inquietude of Cagliostro, who invariably refused to sit down to table if he thought any one had been specially invited to meet him. She begged Beugnot to ask him no questions, not to interrupt him when he was speaking, and to answer with readiness any inquiries he might address to him. "I subscribed," remarks Beugnot, "to these conditions, and would have accepted even harder ones to gratify my curiosity."

"At half past ten o'clock the folding-doors were thrown open, and the Count de Cagliostro was announced. Madame de la Motte precipitately quitted her arm-chair, rushed up to him, and drew him into a corner of the salon, where, I presume, she begged of him to pardon my presence. Cagliostro advanced towards me, and bowed without appearing at all embarrassed at perceiving a stranger. He was of medium height, rather stout, had a very short neck, and a round face ornamented with two large eyes sunken in his head, and a broad turn-up nose. His complexion was of an olive tinge; his coiffure was new in France, his hair being divided into several little tresses, which, united at the back of the head, were tied up in the form known as the club. He wore a French coat of iron grey embroidered with gold lace, and carried his sword stuck in the skirts, a scarlet vest trimmed with point d'Espagne, red breeches, and a hat edged with a white feather. This last article of dress was still necessary to mountebanks, dentists, and other medical artists, who made speeches and sold their drugs out of doors. Cagliostro's costume was relieved by lace ruffles, several costly rings and shoe-buckles of an old pattern,

but brilliant enough to pass for very pure diamonds."

For some reason unknown to us, at the end of the month of June the countess causes a letter to be written to the cardinal in the queen's name, complaining of the excessive price of the Necklace, and requiring a reduction of two hundred thousand francs to be made in the purchase-money, in which case seven hundred thousand francs, instead of four hundred thousand, would be paid on the 1st of August; "otherwise," the letter went on to say, "the article will be returned!" The crown jewellers murmur at this unexpected demand, but rather than be again burdened with the Necklace, they submit to it. This move on the countess's part, which seems without object, can only have been made to disarm any suspicion which she may have fancied had entered into the minds of either the cardinal or the crown jewellers with regard to the queen's share in the transaction. The house the countess bought the previous autumn at Bar-sur-Aube has been by this time half rebuilt and gorgeously decorated by Parisian artists; and the De la Mottes now proceed to furnish it with befitting magnificence. While they are thus engaged, the first instalment for the Necklace is on the eve of falling due. The countess, to gain time, carries thirty thousand francs to the Cardinal de Rohan, as if from the queen, and tells him that her majesty requires an extension of time, which she is certain there will not be any difficulty in obtaining, for the payment of the instalment, and has forwarded the sum in question that he may hand it over to the jewellers as interest on the retarded payment. Thirty thousand francs as interest on seven hundred thousand francs, or at the rate of nearly twenty-five per cent, and the client a queen! The cardinal, who has never obtained his promised second interview with counterfeit royalty, but has been put off, month after month, with various frivolous excuses, and has had fewer billets-doux than usual, is in dudgeon at the new proposal. He knows well enough that the jewellers, who are hard pressed by their creditors, want the money, and indeed are relying upon receiving it on the precise day. He dreads facing them. Still, needs must when such a charioteer as the countess drives. Accordingly, he goes to the Grand Balcon, and the jewellers, after a good deal of grumbling, give a reluctant consent, but set off the amount handed to them, not as interest, but as part of the principal sum overdue. Strange to say, at this time both the cardinal and the jewellers conceived a suspicion, unknown to each other, that the queen had never received the necklace at all. She had never been seen to wear it in public on those grand occasions when such an object might be fittingly worn. The jewellers went so far as to write to the queen, but received no reply. The stupid cardinal hinted his suspicions to the countess, who, with her ready tongue and active brain, soon set his mind at rest.

The countess now launched into the greatest extravagance. We quote M. Beugnot's de-

scription of her house. The hangings of her bedroom were of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold lace and fringe, and embroidered with gold and spangles; while the counterpane was worked all over with pearls, brought, it will be remembered, by the count from England. As a consummation of impudence, the De la Mottes exhibited a casket containing more than two hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds. In their stables were twelve splendid horses, and in their coach-house half a dozen handsome carriages, all made in England. Everything was on a similar scale of magnificence.

"We used to think," remarks Beugnot, "that the Cardinal de Rohan paid for all this brilliant extravagance, and we admired the good use his eminence made of the funds of the Great Almonry."

CHAPTER IV.

THAT gorgeous apartment in the Palace of Versailles which goes by the name of the *Ceil de Bœuf*, from its two bull's-eye windows level with the ceiling, never witnessed a more striking scene than was there enacted at noon on the 15th of August, 1785, when a crowd of courtiers, including all the great officers of the state, numerous high church dignitaries, and many gallant soldiers known to fame, were waiting for the doors leading to the royal apartment to be thrown open, and for the king and queen to issue forth, when suddenly the tall "Suisse" shouted out a summons for the Cardinal de Rohan to attend the king in his private cabinet. Every one stared with amazement. It is true that the cardinal was there, clad in his gorgeous pontifical vestments, waiting to perform high mass before their majesties in the chapel royal, for it was the festival of the Assumption; still there was not a courtier in the crowd who did not know that the cardinal was in disgrace, and for years had never been admitted to the royal presence.

Every one stared with increased amazement when, a quarter of an hour later, the cardinal came forth a prisoner, escorted on either side by soldiers of the king's body-guard, who, keeping the crowd from pressing upon him, escorted him on foot to his hotel at Versailles, whence he was speedily whisked off to Paris and lodged in the Bastille.

The mine had exploded. The crown jewellers had memorialised the queen with regard to the Necklace, and she had indignantly denied all knowledge of it. She lost not a moment in calling to her counsels the Baron de Breteuil, minister of the king's household, and the cardinal's bitterest enemy. The result was the summoning of the grand almoner into the king's presence, and the order for his arrest. Before the cardinal reached his hotel at Versailles he stooped down under pretence of fastening his shoe-buckle or his garter, and hastily scrawled a few lines with a pencil on a scrap of paper which he concealed in his square red cap. This paper he contrived to hand unobserved to a confidential "heyduc," who in-

stantly posted off to Paris, and arrived at the Palais Cardinal early in the afternoon. His horse fell dead in the stable, and he himself swooned in the apartment of the cardinal's vicar-general, after exclaiming wildly, "All is lost! The prince is arrested!" The slip of paper, which fell from his hand, was caught up and eagerly read by the Abbé Georgel. In accordance with the instructions contained in it, the small scarlet portfolio which held all the cardinal's secret correspondence, and notably the letters bordered with blue vignettes penned by the counterfeit queen, and by which the Prince de Rohan set such store, was forthwith committed to the flames.

Two days after the cardinal's arrest, Madame de la Motte is on a visit at the Abbey of Clairvaux, a few miles distant from Bar-sur-Aube, where a large company are assembled at supper to meet the celebrated Abbé Maury. He meets the inquiry as to whether there is anything stirring in Paris, with:

"What do you mean? Any news! Why, where do you all come from? There is a piece of news which none can understand, which has astonished and bewildered all Paris. The Cardinal de Rohan, grand almoner of France, was arrested last Tuesday—the festival of the Assumption. . . . They talk of a Diamond Necklace which he was to have bought for the queen, but which he did not buy at all. Is it not inconceivable that for such a bauble as this a grand almoner of France should have been arrested in his pontifical vestments—do you understand, in his pontifical vestments—and on leaving the king's cabinet?"

"As soon as this intelligence reached my ear," observes Beugnot, whose account we are quoting, "I glanced at Madame de la Motte, whose napkin had fallen from her hand, and whose pale and rigid face seemed as it were immovably fixed above her plate. After the first shock was over, she made an effort and rushed out of the room, followed by one of the principal attendants. In the course of a few minutes I left the table and joined her. The horses were already put to her carriage, so we at once set forth."

Beugnot urged her to fly to England, but she denied all complicity with the cardinal's folly. He begged her to destroy all letters and papers in her possession, but she insisted on at least a cursory examination being made of them. "It was whilst casting fugitive glances upon some of the hundreds of letters from the Cardinal de Rohan that I saw with pity the ravages which the delirium of love, aided by that of ambition, had wrought in the mind of this unhappy man. It is fortunate for the cardinal's memory that these letters were destroyed, but it is a loss for the history of human passions. What must have been the state of society when a prince of the church did not hesitate to write, to sign, and to address to a woman letters which in our days a man who respects himself the least in the world might commence reading, but would certainly never finish?"

"Some of the letters were from the crown jewellers with reference to the payments for the

Necklace. I asked Madame de la Motte what I should do with them. Finding her hesitate, I took the shortest course, and threw them all into the fire. The affair occupied a considerable time. When it was over, I took my leave of Madame de la Motte, urging her to depart more strongly than ever. She only answered me by promising to go to bed immediately. I then quitted her apartments, the atmosphere of which was poisoned by the odour arising from burning papers and wax, impregnated with twenty different perfumes. It was three o'clock in the morning; at four o'clock she was arrested, and at half-past four was on her way to the Bastille."

The count was but little affected at the arrest of his wife; he called on Beugnot at six o'clock in the evening, and told him of it in a quiet confidential sort of way; said she would only be away three or four days at the utmost; that she was going to give the minister some explanations which he required of her, and that he reckoned she would return on Wednesday or Thursday, when "we will go and meet her," said he, "and bring her home in triumph." Beugnot told him not to deceive himself with vain illusions, but to start at once for England, as he had last night advised the countess to do. The count shrugged his shoulders and left Beugnot, humming a tune; nevertheless, he thought it prudent to make for the coast as fast as post-horses could carry him, the same day, and cross over to England.

A week after the arrest of the cardinal, Cagliostro and his wife were sent to join him and the Countess de la Motte in the Bastille. At this time no suspicion attached to the forger Vilette or the counterfeit queen, D'Olive, both of whom, however, turned their backs upon Paris the moment they heard of the countess's arrest. Even when suspected, Vilette evaded all search after him for a time; but not so D'Olive, who was speedily tracked to Brussels, and was arrested at dead of night by the sub-lieutenant of police, three civic officers, a greffier and half a dozen of the town guard—rather a formidable force with which to capture an unprotected female of four-and-twenty. She was forthwith taken to Paris, and also lodged in the Bastille. Vilette, who had loitered unnecessarily on the road to Italy, was by-and-by run down at Geneva—trepanned, says one account, in a low tavern while overcome by drink, into enlisting in some phantom regiment—and was enticed from off the "sacred republican soil" and carried to Paris.

The countess, who in early life was glad to feed upon broken victuals passed through a trap-hole in the miserable hovel that sheltered the St. Remi family at Foulette, appears not to have entirely approved of the cuisine of the Bastille; but what particularly annoyed her was, that she, who had been latterly accustomed to gold and silver plate, should now be expected to take her meals off vulgar pewter. According to her own account, she preferred enduring the pangs of hunger to submitting to this indignity, and sent the dishes away un-

touched. The turnkey, surprised at this proceeding, said to her rudely:

"So, then, you don't choose to eat, don't you?"

"No," replied the countess, "I don't choose to eat; and I desire to know if you serve the Cardinal de Rohan off pewter? Inform the governor that the Valois are quite as nice as, and entitled to equal respect with, the Rohans."

The turnkey was astounded, looked at the countess respectfully, she tells us, and mildly answered that he was ignorant who she was; then, begging her pardon, he departed, and shortly afterwards returned with a better dinner, served in beautiful dishes with silver covers.

All the culprits being now secured, with the exception of Count de la Motte, who is beyond the grip of the French police, the examinations and confrontations of the accused take place. The cardinal tells pretty much the truth; so does D'Oliva. Cagliostro maintains his ignorance of the entire affair. Villette at first denies everything that affects himself, and then admits everything, except having played the part of queen's messenger on the night of the 1st of February, and fetched away the casket containing the Necklace from the countess's lodgings. Although there is no moral doubt he was the man who did this, he could never be brought to admit it. As for Madame de la Motte, she first denied everything, and then admitted certain things when the weight of evidence against her seemed overpowering; still she contradicted the witnesses on almost every point, and herself continually. She shrieked out denials, stormed at the witnesses, abused the judges, laughed, wept and went into convulsions, by turns. She proclaimed in open court the shameful nature of the relations subsisting between herself and the Cardinal de Rohan, and said it was through his generosity, and occasional large gifts bestowed upon her in high quarters, that she was enabled to make that display in the Rue Neuve St. Gilles and at Bar-sur-Aube which had excited so much astonishment. She maintained that her husband had sold the diamonds for the grand almoner, and had handed over to him every halfpenny of the proceeds. She refrained from making the slightest allusion to her pretended intimacy with Marie Antoinette, and gave an evasive answer to every question put to her on that subject. When the girl D'Oliva was questioned respecting some letters which the countess had shown her, saying that they had come to her from the queen, Madame de la Motte winked as a caution to her to preserve silence on this point. Finding that no notice was taken of her signal, she continued repeating it, and when charged with what she had done, she exclaimed, in a furious tone of voice, "I make signs to you? Yes; I make you a sign that you are a monster for having said such a thing." She then charged D'Oliva with having behaved immodestly when on a visit to her, and with having usurped a title to which she had no claim. This was the countess's act. She had dubbed the courtesan a baroness. D'Oliva was afraid to answer her;

but the counsel, speaking in his client's name, thus subsequently apostrophised her: "Proud and vile woman, who caressed me when I could serve you, who disdained me when I exposed you, who hate me when I confound you, descend, descend, from the supreme height of your genealogical tree, from whence you brave the law, impose upon its administrators, and insult by turns your unfortunate co-accused!"

As for Cagliostro, on whom and on whose wife the countess tried her utmost to shift a portion of her own guilt, she sneeringly designated him as, "This oracle who bewitched the cardinal's understanding;" called him "a false prophet, a profaner of the true religion, a low alchemist, a mountebank, and a vagabond." To which Cagliostro pertinently replied: "Not always a false prophet, for had the Prince de Rohan taken my advice he would long since have seen through your artifices, and neither of us have been where we are. To your numerous calumnies I will content myself with making a laconic reply—the same that was made by Pascal under parallel circumstances—a reply which politeness forbids me to make in the vulgar tongue, but which your counsel can translate for you, 'Mentiris impudentissime!'" The countess, not knowing the meaning of the phrase, imagined correctly enough that it was something exceedingly offensive, and to quote her own language, "put an end to the scene by throwing a candlestick at the quack's head."

The preliminary investigation being at an end, the Court of Parliament—Grand Chamber and "Tournelle"—proceed in solemn sitting to judge the case. No stone was left unturned by the friends and connexions and high alliances of the Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan to procure his acquittal; and numerous counsellors in the parliament spoke vehemently in his favour, and not without effect. After a long debate this was the judgment given. The cardinal and Cagliostro were acquitted; D'Oliva was pronounced "hors de cour" (out of court), and thinking this to be a prohibition against her going to Versailles any more, promised that she would faithfully submit. Villette was banished from the kingdom for life. Count de la Motte was sentenced to be scourged and branded with a hot iron on the right shoulder with the letters G. A. L., and to serve the king as a galley-slave for the remainder of his days. The countess was sentenced to have a halter slung round her neck, and then to be flogged and beaten naked with rods, and branded with a hot iron on both shoulders with the letter V. (voleuse)—it was jocosely remarked at the time, that the V. stood for Valois as well. This done, she was to be confined in the prison of the Salpêtrière for the rest of her life.

Cagliostro asserted that Villette was banished in the ignominious sense of the term—that is, that he was led out of prison with a rope round his neck by the public executioner, who, on their arrival at the city gate, gave him first of all a loaf, and then a kick behind, and strictly enjoined him never to return to France again.

In those days, criminals were kept in igno-

rance of the sentences passed upon them (save and except the sentence of death) until the same were on the eve of being put into execution. Consequently, Madame de la Motte did not know the nature of the sentence pronounced against her until early one morning some three weeks afterwards, when she was prevailed upon by a ruse to leave her cell, and, being conducted to the registry of the Palais de Justice, was there forced to kneel while her sentence was read over, she struggling and screaming with all her might. "Overpowered by superior strength, my resistance," she records, "became more feeble, and I was dragged to the place where the sacrifice was to be completed. Worn and faint, exhausted by my cries and the ineffectual struggles I had already made, entreating those around me to avenge the innocent, and the blood of their good King Henry the Second, I at length lost all sense of reason; I could see nothing, could feel nothing, which could serve to show me what they intended to do." "Madame de la Motte," writes at this time the Hon. Wm. Eden to Mr. Pitt, "was called up at five, and informed that the court wished to see her. She went in an undress, without stays, which proved convenient. Upon the registrar reading the sentence, her surprise, rage, and shrieks, were beyond description. The executioner and his assistants instantly seized her and carried her into an outer court, where she was fastened to a cart with a halter round her neck. The executioner talked to her like a tooth-drawer, and assured her most politely that it would soon be over. The whipping was slight and pro forma, but the branding was done with some severity."

Louis Blanc, in his History of the French Revolution, quoting from contemporary memoir-writers, the Baron de Besenval and the Abbé Georgel, says: "Tied with cords and dragged into the court of the Palais de Justice, she commenced to utter cries, not of terror but of fury. Addressing herself to the people, she exclaimed, 'If they treat thus the blood of the Valois, what is reserved for the blood of the Bourbons!' And in the midst of the groans which indignation drew from the crowd, these characteristic words were heard: 'It is my own fault that I suffer this ignominy; I had only to say one word and I should have been hung.' (She not only said this word, but launched forth a succession of impure and calumnious charges against the queen, couched, too, in the foulest language.) They then placed a gag in her mouth, and as she was struggling in the hands of the executioner, the red-hot iron which ought to have marked her on the shoulder glanced off and scored her on the breast." Villette, in that almost unknown work of his to which we have already alluded, asserts that people were posted in the court of the palace to make a great noise, so that none of the public who chanced to be present might hear what Madame de la Motte said. The sentence

executed, she was thrown half dead into a fiacre, and driven at full gallop to the Salpêtrière, the prison where abandoned women were confined, and where at this day visitors to the female paupers now housed there have Madame de la Motte's apartments pointed out to them. One of the doors of the vehicle having flown open on the road, the officers in charge of the countess were only just in time to save her from springing out and throwing herself under the wheels. When she arrived at the Salpêtrière, she made a further attempt to destroy herself by forcing the coverlid of her miserable truckle-bed into her mouth.

After undergoing upwards of a year's confinement in the Salpêtrière, the countess succeeded—it is believed with the connivance of the authorities—in effecting her escape, and made her way in different disguises through France to Luxembourg, taking Bar-sur-Aube by the way. She did not, however, dare to enter the town, but lay concealed at night in the stone quarries in the neighbourhood, where one or two of her old friends came to visit her, and gave her money to assist her on her way. Eventually she proceeded to Ostend and crossed to England, where she rejoined her husband, and where the pair lived for several years on the proceeds of certain lying memoirs, confessedly written by the countess to extort money from the French court. She succeeded in her object, sold the manuscript for large sums, and then published the memoirs from duplicates she had retained. She was always in debt and difficulties, eventually had her furniture swept away by an execution, and while her husband was abroad—trying to extort more money from the French government—was arrested on a capias, and, in seeking to escape from the bailiffs, dropped out of a two-pair stairs window and severely maimed herself. But her captors refused to surrender up her bleeding, mangled, and almost lifeless, body until they had security for the debt. The wretched woman lingered for a few weeks, tended by strangers, her husband characteristically preferring the excitement and gaieties of the French capital to a dying wife's bedside, until death came to her relief, and she plotted, lied, and was treacherous, no more.

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